

Poems



Mrs. Merrill E. Gates



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Poems

*HYMNS OF NATURE AND
SONGS OF THE SPIRIT*

POEMS

By
MRS. MERRILL E. GATES
(*Mary C. Bishop*)



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Hymns of Nature

SUNDAY MORNING IN THE COUNTRY

MAY I not draw as near, O God, to Thee,
As bee to bloom, or bird to his home-tree ?

May I not shine beneath Thy sovereign beam,
As shines beneath the sun this burnished stream ?
The eternal freshness of Thy grace is new
As this fresh dawn, still drenched with freshest
dew.

May not serenity as endless pass
Into my life, as smiles up from the grass ?
My rooted trust, like trees, lift up its arms
To bending skies of blue, nor fear alarms ?
O let like peace fill me as that which fills
The unmeasured circuit of the holy hills !

My thought of Thee be widened like the sky —
Be made as boundless, free, and deep and high ;
The curving clouds grant me their grace to move
On unseen currents of Thy guiding love.
As gilds the sun with gold this valley broad,
So let Thy light and heat thrill me, O God !

Thou art in mountain, meadow, stream and
flower.

Thou art in this Sabbath hush of power.

Beauty

Invisible, Thou art in all that lives.
Unseen but not unfelt, Thy presence gives
Deep witness to Thyself. All lives in Thee.
I, too, may live in Thee! Live Thou in me!

BEAUTY

ETHRALL to the beauty around me,
A bondman to air, sky and sea,
The spell of mere beauty has bound me,
I never again shall be free.

Pure distance enchant me at morning,
Perspectives of far-lying space;
The clear, amber stars of the dawning
Gaze at me with capturing grace.

The brows of serene mountains hoary
Like monarchs reign over my will,
Their poise, their repose and their glory
Enthrall and enrapture me still.

Light cloud-fleets, mist-born and air-driven,
Flotillas of fair whitening sail,
Can carry me far across heaven,
A slave, in their pinnacles pale.

The Mountain Angel

The sea has a voice that subdues me,
Calling out of her hollow, green caves ;
With cold tonic breath she renews me
With aromas of salt-wind and wave.

Most beautiful Nature still holds us
As captives that may not go free ;—
A part of herself, she enfolds us
In fetters of pure ecstasy.

THE MOUNTAIN ANGEL

SOVEREIGN Angel of the mountains
hoary,
I have heard thy strong, compelling
strain :
“Come aloft, come up and see the glory,
O thou dweller on the lowland plain !”
I have seen thy breeze-blown garments, Angel,
On the crested ledges, flashing white ;
I have heard thy silver-toned evangel,
Echoed from aërial height to height.

So I come to walk in uplands lifted
Far above the city’s heated strife.
On some heavenward summit, shadow-drifted,
Breathe into me, breathe the breath of life !

The Mountain Angel

Bid the silence fall, intense and boundless,—
Pause divine in the eternal hymn,—
Roll its swelling waves, serene and soundless,
Over every height and hollow dim.

Hang in amber skies the star of even ;
Open doors of wonder everywhere ;
Drive the light-filled chariot-clouds through
heaven ;
Stir wild currents in this unbreathed air.
Smite with glory mighty mountain shoulders ;
Fire with sunset-flames their foreheads gray ;
Let thy gleams and glooms fall on huge boul-
ders —
Drift of glaciers on their age-long way.

Make the mountains seers, inspired, commanding,
Rapt and burning with their message high,
Holy priests in flowing cloud-robcs, standing
At the incense-altars of the sky.
Show me torrents, in the gorges riven,
Roaring ice-cold through the rough ravine ;
Lead to placid lakes, sky-blue like heaven,
With the mountain-meadow's peace between !

O great Angel, show me all the glory,
Ranging with me through thy dwellings free ;
Read me pages of the old world's story,
Deep, primeval, world-old mystery !

Spread the smiling earth far, far below me ;
 Let auroral dawns flush far above !
 Pierce for me the heart of all things. Show me
 At the heart of all, Eternal Love !

DEPENDENCE

THE sea-swayed mosses clinging to the rock,
 The little pool left by the ebbing sea,
 The dying echo of the thunder's shock,
 The leaflet swinging on its parent tree,
 Each by some tie invisible is bound,
 The weaker still depending on the strong ;
 The parted waters to the deep profound,
 And faintest echoes to some voice, belong.

So have I felt myself a very part
 Of elemental worlds I cannot see.
 A swinging leaf, my pendant, quivering heart
 Grows on the tree of old Eternity.

A clinging shred, I stay my tide-swept will
 And anchor it on ageless rocks of might.
 A tiny, land-locked pool, I feel the thrill
 Of wide, unfathomed waters out of sight.

A human fragment, I am not alone
 In this vast universe, so deep and broad ;
 But I belong to worlds beyond the sun,
 And I, an atom, still am joined to God.

Steps Upward

STEPS UPWARD

 VER the farm-fields ploughed,
 Swiftly a swallow flew ;
 Over the bird hung a cloud,
 Over the cloud shone the blue,
 And over the blue was God.

One step to the bird's flight,
 (Scaling this ladder true,)
 Then to clouds, then to sky's height,
 So climb we by bird, cloud and blue,
 From earth to God in the Light.

THE WIND

 WIND, world-breath, blow far and free !
 Reveal by myriad, soulful chords
 Man's lineage and his destiny —
 His spirit's birth — in speechless words.

From what far fountain flows your might,
 Trade-winds of God, that sweep and fan,
 In viewless, swift, mysterious flight,
 The spirit of each living man ?

To what abysses vast, ungauged,
 Plunge all your subtle clans of air ?
 Where rest your eagle-circlings caged,
 Whose hand holds you in thralldom there ?

Worship in the Mountains

From God ye come—to God ye go,
And where He wills, ye bend your flight.
Spirit is born,—O winds that blow,—
Born of the Spirit Infinite!

WORSHIP IN THE MOUNTAINS

WITHIN Thy sanctuary, Lord, to-day
I am, though far from church or
chancelled shrine ;
Here is deep silence, here the hush divine,
Which falls or ere the priest says, “ Let us pray ! ”
The stones of this cathedral are unhewn ;
Its clustered pillars spread broad boughs of
green ;
Thy temple’s chastened light, this sun at noon,
Whose brightness, clouds, like drifted incense,
screen.

Uplands of God, unrolled to purest space,
His fitting temple are ye, vast and high !
Here wait I for Thy amplitudes of grace,
O Lord, unmeasured as this wind-swept sky.
And here, if yet I may not see Thy face,
Still let me see Thy glory passing by.

*In the White Mountains,
Bethlehem, N. H.*

THE CLOUD

THOU little cloud, alone in the blue,
 Afloat in the infinite light,
How purely white is thy glorified hue,
 How far is thy limitless flight !

Slow drifting along on air-lines of grace,
 Softly sinking, again to rise,
Thou findest a course through oceans of space
 To what unknown port in the skies ?

Beneath horizons beyond our ken,
 Down verges we cannot see,
Are *they* gathered, the cumulous clouds of thy
 clan ?
Dost thou drift where thy kindred be ?

I, too, as I sail in the infinite void,
 Look over the rim of the world,
And there lies my country, spacious and wide,
 And the port where my sails shall be furled.

Unseen horizons serenely bright,
 When my flight of a day shall cease,
Shall receive me, as thee, to the cloud-hosts of
 light,
To the beautiful souls at peace.

REMINISCENCE OF CHILDHOOD

TO-DAY the glory came again !
It fell on sky and field and flower ;
The childish charm of shine and sheen
The old, entrancing power.

The clouds were chariots filled with light ;
The sunshine was a sevenfold day.
The shadows on the mountain height
Were miles and miles away.

On golden-rod and glistening grass,
On shimmering, trefoil clover, fell
The sorcery of the magic past,
The early witchcraft spell.

On sapphire sea, on reef and bar,
On tranquil islands moored in blue,
On white-winged craft, on prow and spar,
Fell the ecstatic hue.

And so I know the splendour still ;
The glamour hath not vanished quite.
That glory haunts the world, and will,
Though hidden from my sight.

Imperishable, it cannot die,
The first great grace that living gave —
Childhood's deep sense of earth and sky
Goes with me to the grave.

Mt. Desert, Maine.

TRUST

 NE word is very precious,
 It speaks my Father's care,—
 That word about the sparrows
 And the numbering of our hair ;
 And when my heart is trembling
 His watchfulness to know,
 Then gently falls another word,
 “See how the lilies grow.”

“O, therefore, be not anxious,”
 I say this o'er and o'er,
 “For ye are of more value
 Than sparrows—so much more ;”
 I cannot feel forgotten
 By God's great love and might,
 Although I am so small a one
 'Mid creatures infinite.

How surely stand they written,
 The sweet words I recall :
 Without His loving watch-care,
 He sees no sparrow fall.
 “Fear not ! O, be not anxious,”
 I say it o'er and o'er,
 “For ye are of more value —
 More value—so much more.”

THE GRACE OF GOD

ES sea-birds ride upon the waves,
So floats my soul on grace;
Nor other resting-place she craves
In wide, world-weary space.
A deep, illimitable sea
Of sunlit azure, running free,
Rocks underneath her placid breast
With soft, pacific swell
Upbearing her in perfect rest;
She knows that all is well!

The seas of God unbounded roll,
Their shores no eye can trace.
Unfathomed, underneath my soul
They lie, those Deeps of Grace.
And whether I am weak or strong,
Grace still is broad and deep and long.
Upbearing not of self is this;
Of self it lies outside.
Grace buoys me on its clear abyss,
On to God's Glory-tide.

THE OLIVE TREES

TLOVE the olives gnarled and gray ;
Beneath them knelt my Lord to pray.
When o'er the hills the wind breathes light
How blanch their boughs to silvery white !

The Thought of God

When rosy-purple morning weaves
A burnished brightness o'er their leaves,
As exquisite their traceried shade
As if by gauzy pinions made.

When tropic suns with noontide heat
On bent black boles and branches beat,
Their pearly leaves against the blue
Are cool as from a bath of dew.

Their fine, faint foliage fills the plain
Like softly drifting summer rain.
Their ranks, by shimmering breezes kissed,
Seem spectral trees all made of mist.

They seem to dream with veiled grace,
And wait the sight of one blest face.
His glad return they long to see
Who prayed beneath an olive-tree !

THE THOUGHT OF GOD

MY soul floats in the thought of God,
 As birds float in the air ;
Like them, from thickets dark she
 springs,
And the low grounds of care ;
 Upward they fly, and I too soar ;
With one glad thought my spirit sings,
 For I escape from ranges bare

The Song of the Bay

To the full thought of Him
Whom I adore.
The birds may swim
In tideless seas of air above ;
But I float resting in God's love.

THE SONG OF THE BAY

TAM a part of rolling oceans wide,
Though landlocked now I lie serene.
My waters ebb and flow with every tide,
Drawn by a force unseen.

I hear the sounding surf beat on the shore ;
My gently rippling waves prolong
The mystic music, echoing evermore
The ceaseless, wind-swept song.

How subtly calls the ocean unto me !
And asks response how intimate !
Deep calling unto deep—my little sea
Makes answer to the great.

The bay still answers to the ocean's tone,—
Man's spirit to the challenge-call
That makes the moment of his being one
With the Eternal All.

DISTANT SURF

FAR, far across the bay,
Leap foaming crests of white,—
Beyond the bar and dim dunes gray,
Flashing an argent light.

On backgrounds blue, the sea
Flings lustrous, sudden jets,—
Gigantic fountains playing free,
Where the coast current sets.

Far, far away, they seem
Like spectral sheeted arms
That lift and beckon with the gleam
Of vanishing, weird forms.

Whence rise they, whither go ?
Foam from what hidden sea ?
Or flash they like swift thoughts that show
How near, Eternity !

Westhampton Beech, L. I., 1905.

THE OCEAN OF GRACE

LIKE the ocean flowing, flowing,
Round these stony reaches brown,
Filling every rough indenture,
Striving every rock to drown —

Saturday Evening in Winter

So the grace of God is pouring
Round us from its deeps profound ;
Rolling in its glorious fullness
On our barren being's bound.

Runs the sea round small and greater,
Over hollow, over height ;
Fitting to each crenelled contour
Its elastic waters bright.
So God's love our need encircles
With its liquid, sunlit tide,
Leaping up in foam-white beauty,
Each unlovely ledge to hide.

And our stony, gray-black sorrows,
Piercing, rough,—His great love laves
Till they seem immersed in glory,
Over-washed with emerald waves.
And above them, clear as crystal,
Curve on curve in purpling space,
Roll in endless undulations
God's pure ocean-deeps of grace !

SATURDAY EVENING IN WINTER

GRAY is the landscape and gray is the sky,
Gray the expanse of the flat river-bed,
Rimmed with the snow, where its tufted
banks lie ;
Gray stretch the meadow-lands, shrouded and
dead.

Saturday Evening in Winter

Gray, the clouds meet the horizon's gray edge ;

 Gray, the woods cover the grayer hillside ;

Gray is the cornfield, and gray is the sedge ;

 Gray the far slope where once greenness spread wide.

Traceries fine on this background of gray,

 Drawn by the tree-tops with exquisite art,
Blend with the low monochord of a day

 Gray and more gray as its moments depart.

Down by the river, long rows of dull light
 Gleam where the weavers weave on at the loom.

Lights of the mill, gray world and gray night
 Speak of earth's weariness, labour and gloom.

Saturday night, in a gray, hoary world,
 Grown gray and numb in the nightfall of Time.

Gray is man's life as 'tis shuttle-wise whirled
 With the woof of his toil through the warp of his crime.

Earth's week of Time swiftly wears to its close,

 Purple-gray twilight still darkening to night.
Break, Sabbath dawn, with thy joy and repose,

 Break, Day of God, with millennial light !

CHANCEL FLOWERS

SANG the congregation, praising,
“Holy, holy, holy Lord!”
While the daisies worshipped, raising
Silently the threefold word.

Standing in their snowy whiteness,
Fresh and fair and free from blame,
Sang they in their childlike brightness,
“All Thy works shall praise Thy name!”

Reverent in guileless wonder,
Crowned with starry, petaled rays,
Seemed they like the seraphs yonder,
So serene and clear their gaze.

Voiceless, flowery congregation,
Add your sweet notes to the chord!
Chanting with the wide creation,
“Holy, holy, holy Lord!”

“Only Thou art holy,” singing
With soft, speechless lips of love —
Adoration mute, yet ringing
In the ear of God above!

Flowers at Communion

FLOWERS AT COMMUNION

TYPES of the Lord's own purity and peace,
White lilies standing in the holy place,
Emblemis ye seem of His own righteousness,
So clothed upon are ye with heavenly grace.

Or types ye may be, mid your leaves of green,
Of true believers, still mid earthliness ;
Yet even now upon them is the sheen
Of Jesus' beauty and His seamless dress.

Types are ye too of that transforming strange
Which shall fall on us in our rising hour,
When immortality's white mystic change
Shall thrill our mortal, with its deathless power.

When, smitten through with radiance and with
bliss
And sudden glory from the holy place,
We shall be made like Him, and as He is,
When we behold our Saviour face to face.

NOONTIDE HOURS

ELL beginnings have their zest ;
Every ending bringeth rest ;
Rhythmic throb, impelling ever,
Rest and zest,—ease and endeavour.
Morning hours are filled with zest,
Evening hours are crowned with rest.

The Morning Star

But calm eves and mornings green
Have their long, bright day between
When the noontide burneth hot,
Zest hath vanished, rest comes not.
Still the labour must be done ;
Rest comes not till set of sun.

Patience, then, O soul of mine !
Now thy labour grows divine !
For in sultry noontide hours
Duty girds thee with fresh powers.
Duty, though should fail thy zest,
Leads thee, victor, to sweet rest.

THE MORNING STAR

SAW a watcher in the sky
Stand on a golden cloud ;
Through the still dawning clear and high
He blew a trumpet loud.
The music floated through the air
On flying wings of sound,
And left crystalline echoes there,
Or died in deeps profound.
Heaven's sentinel had left ajar
Some hidden gallery door,
And from this balcony afar
In glory, did he pour
On mortal ears a little space
Surpassing harmonies of grace,

The Alps

And flashed on mortal sight
Serenities of light.
From outposts of Heaven's battlement,
 Missed from seraphic choirs,
Through boundless ether still unspent,
 He sped his mystic fires.
This watcher in the amber skies afar,
Men call bright Phosphorus, the morning star.

THE ALPS

“**B**E strong, be strong!” had ever been to me
 The song of hills, the chant of moun-
 tain voice.
But now one word alone I hear,
 “Rejoice !”
When, leaping far to Heaven, in purity,
Fair, burnished heights on every side I see.
One only word this vast white grandeur speaks;
“Joy! Joy!” breaks forth from countless sil-
 ver peaks.
They shine and shout in a wild mountain-glee!
Like high-born sons of God, your voices raise,
 Ye alpine domes and heavenward piercing
 spires!
Let strange, ethereal chanting of your choirs
Join stars and suns that know high, rapturous ways
 To bless our God! Let rosy evening fires
That smite your alabaster brows, cry, “Praise!”

THE SEA-VOICE

TREST beside the many voiced sea ;
 Its mighty pulses throb along the shore ;
Wild rising winds, in northern forests
 hoar,
Alone strike harmonies so grandly free.
This age-long anthem rises, Lord, to Thee ;
Thee, Thee alone, these sounding waves adore ;
Thy way is in the sea, and evermore
They chant Thy glory's praise in changeless
 key.
Like Thy deep mystery,—this mysterious deep ;
Like Thine, this voice of vast, majestic tone.
From far sea-spaces, and from depths unknown,
Like thoughts of Thine these billows shoreward
 leap,—
Thy waves of loving thought, that never
 cease,
To usward borne from Thy great central Peace.

THE RIVER, LOOKING WESTWARD

RY landscape far to westward spreads —
 Fair uplands, green, or white, or
 brown,
As Summer, leaf-fall, Winter's crown,
A changing glory o'er them sheds.

Enlargement

No glint of water all the day !
Yet sometimes when the sun is low
The level lights of evening show
Curved lines of silver far away.

Like swords they cut the fields and trees,
And tell me that a river clear
Winds through my landscape all the year,
Still flowing on, though no man sees.

So sometimes, when the sun 's low down,
A deep, fair crystal river gleams,
Cleaving the landscape of our dreams,—
God's river flowing by His throne !

Amherst, Mass.

ENLARGEMENT

 THY fullness, flowing sea !
Not thy music, not thy motion
Utters such a prophecy
As thine amplitude, O ocean.

Where thy liquid silver laves
Tropic isles or torrid beaches ;
Where thy green, translucent waves
Wash o'er waste, wan, arctic reaches,

Ever is such fullness thine
In thy coming and thy going,
That thou art a type divine
Of the Infinite o'erflowing.

Heart of man, be not afraid !
Every craving shall find stilling ;
For eternity was made,
Like the sea, full, for fulfilling.

Soul of man, thy scope shall be
Widened, as thy aspiration,
When enlargement like the sea
Sweeps away all limitation.

THE GRASS

THIS wand-like stem of grass
Answers all winds that pass,
Bows low before their might,
Or thrills to touches light.

So bend, my heart, in love,
To airs breathed from above.
Thy root is in the earth,
Fragile as grass thy birth,

Yet o'er thee, like the grass,
Breaths of God's Spirit pass.
A child of heaven thou art,—
Believe it, oh, my heart !

TWO VOICES

TWO sounds I hear this Autumn day.
One is the booming surf afar ;
Far, far away, beyond the dune
Across the bay, the billows play,
And break beneath the October noon.

One is the murmurous monotone
Of crickets in the yellowing grass ;
Singing alone, so close at hand,
By roof and stone, though summer's flown,—
A human sound amid the land.

One chants of long eternity ;
One sings the dear and daily life.
The crickets' glee, his artless art,
How sweet to me ! But oh, the sea,
The sea—unfathomed as my heart !

Vision

CLAIR-AUDIENCE

LAST night I heard the angels
Low talking round my bed,
In holy circle standing,
And this is what they said:—
(Their folded wings were moveless,
More lustrous than the light ;
And some were crowned, and some wore
plumes
Than snow more snowy white.)

They said in rapt sweet voices :

“ O happy, happy one !
Thy earthly life is over,
Thy heavenly life is won !
Come with us to the glory
And bliss thou art to share,—
Glories of life eternal,
Lustres of heavenly air ! ”

Since then they fill the sunshine,
Their voices always sing ;
And every day it seems they may
Come back on rapid wing.
But should they come, and say again
Those words of love to me,
I should not die, but go with them
For very ecstasy !

OUR ELEMENT

EWING implies the air,
From fins infer the sea,
From stealthy tread, the lion's lair ;
And honey means the bee.

From tides we learn the power
Inherent in the moon.

The golden grain denotes the shower
At morn and eve and noon.

The range of winds is wide,
Space they must have to fly.
The planet with his sun must bide
A linked unity.

An element, a cause
All things in nature claim,—
A bound, a bourne, abiding laws,
A hope, a home, an aim ;

A complement is given
Throughout creation broad
To every being under heaven :—
Man's element is God.

THE UPWARD LOOK

FROM our low, familiar places,
From our homes beneath the trees,
We look up to wide star-spaces
And the far immensities.

So our eyes from tasks most lowly
'Mid the service of the day,
May look up to places holy,
And God's glory far away.

MORNING

SOAR, soar, my soul, into the blue,
The blue of God's great love !
This morning soar, as free birds do,
To the far skies above !

The fair cloud swims in deeps of air,
Buoyed by fresh currents strong ;
Smitten by splendour white and rare,
It drifts the blue along.

So thou may'st float in God's blue deep
Filled by His light and love.
So currents of His grace may sweep,
Around, beneath, above !

THE DAYS

CALYPSO-LIKE, close-veiled, finger on lip,
All featureless the swift days pass,
With hands disjoined and broken speech
they slip,
Like shadows o'er the grass.

No bond connects their dim, chaotic train ;
Invisible their aim and trend.

Fragments they seem of some unwelded chain,
And have no ordered end.

The unsubstantial forms of fleeting days
Are buried deep where spectres hide.
Their footprints fail by land and waterways,
Outwashed by Time's fierce tide.

So veiled, each day glides by as in a masque ;
A separate thing, it mateless moves.
What inner link unites our days, we ask,
And what their oneness proves ?

Ah, when eternity's full streaming light
Shall fuse our incoherent days,
How will they shine in one long radiance bright,
Blended before our gaze !

Lo, subtle, blinding links flash in the sun !
Lo, the swift passing of eclipse !
The unveiled days their meanings merge in one,
In Life's Apocalypse.

A THOUGHT

GOD sent a wingèd thought
 Into my soul one day,
And bade me send it out again
 With unabated ray
Of burnished beauty, silver bright,
And wings unshorn of might.

God has great store of such
 White thoughts, swift, buoyant things.
And when He wills, they touch us
 With the wafture of their wings.
They touch us on their gleaming way —
Their wings forbid their stay.

Onward their blessed flight !
 To other hearts they bear
Their beauty and their light.
 Heaven's rapture and its radiant air
Breathe round us, when God sends them
 down,—
That day, we wear a crown !

THE SEA BEYOND THE BAR

TUST looking at the bar
 We should not dream that far
The ocean rolled on its illimitable way
 Beyond the bay.

Departure

The bar bounds all, and lies
Where meet the earth and skies.
We see no surging waves, nor hear their mystic
runes
 Beyond the dunes.

* * * *

Across the bay, my barge
Cruises to that dim marge.
Or fast or slow my course, it endeth at the bar
 That lies afar.

There, there shall meet my sight
A sea of living light.
There shall the ocean of God's love upon the
shore
 Break evermore !

Qnogue, L. I., 1903.

DEPARTURE

THE phantom-fleet stood off the shore!
 Inaudible and swift as light,
Anchors invisible did moor
 Their black keels in the night.

At morn they swayed with ebb and tide
 All taut and trim in shroud and sheet.
Just when the cables slipped, none spied,
 Nor tracked the outbound fleet.

The Evening Star

We only knew the sails were gone,
And hollow winds were all abroad;
And one, with them, beyond the dawn
Sailed the fair seas of God.

THE EVENING STAR

BY the rapt ardour of my gaze,
I sought to hold the evening star
Above the dark horizon bar,
Where, lamp-like, swung its mellow blaze.

But towards the deepening glow it drew,
And nearer to the crimson belts
Wherein the amber affluence melts,
Seeking far heavens, fresh and new.

So sought I once to hold a soul
Fair as the holy star of night,
Above the earth-line, in my sight,
By force of Love's supreme control.

But gloryward it dipped and drew,
Nor stayed for ardour of my gaze,
Passing from out our earthly ways
To those far heavens which are the new.

YOUR BELOVED

THEY will vanish, disappearing
On some passing day,
And you cannot, cannot find them,
Seek them as you may.

They will vanish, swiftly fleeting,
When you think not so ;
While your very hands they're clasping,
Softly they will go.

They will vanish. Oh, then cherish
Your belovèd well !
Ere they glide to that fair country
Where the lovely dwell.

Ere from house and hill and meadow
Gently they've withdrawn,
Veiled within mysterious shadows,
Till the New Day dawn !

THE AWAKENING

“When I awake I am still with Thee.”

(N) SAVIOUR, gently let Thy glory break
Upon my soul, when from the dark of
death

Upborne, I draw the first pure spirit's breath
Before Thy sapphire throne. When thus I wake,

"And They Shall Walk With Me in White"

Shade Thou mine eyes with Thy pierc'd hand;
nor take

Me first where light incessant quivereth
From fountains of full Godhead; but beneath
A veiled glory, hide me, for love's sake.
Nor let the rapturous burst of seraph-song
Come first amid the glories of the place;
Nor triumph-music of the answering throng;
But Thine own voice, with sweet, familiar grace;
So hearing Thee I shall grow glad and strong,
Nor fear the glory since I see Thy Face.

"AND THEY SHALL WALK WITH ME IN WHITE"

WERE, 'tis the following footsteps, the walking after Him,
With oftentimes dusty garments, all lustreless and dim.
There, 'tis the walking with Him, above there in the light,
With His our footsteps timing, walking with Him in white.

Here through the glass but darkly His features can we trace;

There 'tis the open vision, the seeing face to face.

Expectation

Here the wayfarer's greeting, the tarrying for a night;

There 'tis the converse endless, walking with Him in white.

Here 'tis the childish knowledge, the seeing but in part;

There intuition perfect of the illumined heart.

Here Faith and Hope must lift us upon their pinions bright;

There Love alone remaineth when we shall walk in white.

Here 'tis the hart-like panting, the hunger of desire;

There 'tis the blissful union, our will merged in a higher.

There 'tis the satisfaction attained by fullest sight,
The fellowship unending, walking with Him in white.

EXPECTATION

•  YIELDED up a rose to God,
With golden stamens, petals white;
He keeps it, till the glad day comes
When I shall see it bloom in light.

A sweet song floated up to God,
A life-song, thrilling near my own;
But I shall hear it some glad morn,
High carolling before His throne.

THE SEA

THE sea is near ! How near ?
Across this narrow bar,
Not far, not far !
Beyond this gray-green dune
Edged with the yellow sand,
The surf beats on the strand.

This side the dune, the bay
Is blue. White sails, a host,
Flock to the coast.

They moor ; the voyagers cross
Where sands a pathway make,
And lo, the billows break !

Eternity is near !
How near ? Across the bar,
Not far, not far !

Beyond the dune of death
The boundless billows roll
And call the waiting soul.

This side of death is life —
A little bay,—and swift
The sails that lift
Are furled,—the voyage done.
Beyond the bar the sea
Calls, calls—eternity !

Quogue, L. I., 1903.

ACROSS THE TIDE

ELL shores look fair across the tide;
There, hearts are ever gay and glad;
And opalescent shadows hide
The dark, the rough, the sad.

What peaceful fields, what meadows fair,
And all the hillsides flecked with light !
There lurks no curse of carking care,
Nor ever falls the night.

What witchcraft this, that lays so low
The craggy mountains bare and steep ?
That veils in amethyst the flow
Of rivers wild and deep ?

What painter laid the belts of blue,
And dipped in violet tints his brush ?
Who spread o'er all that pearly hue ?
Who breathed that waiting hush ?

So hither shores, whereon to-day
We stand and watch the waters wide,
Will, in far years, far, far away,
Look fair, across the tide !

UNSEEN STREAMS

MID the deep mystery of Alpine mountains
The voices of the unseen waters call,
And streams invisible, from hidden fountains
Weave music many-voiced, from fall to fall.

Invisible, but heard, their rhythmic singing.
Nor ever silent they by night or day.
To their low bass the sweet "ranz" echoes, ring-
ing
From lofty alps and far-off meadows gay.

Glacier-born streams sound on and on forever,
From old Eternity they keep their flow.
Threading their mystic way, each shining river
Falls from the heights of everlasting snow.

From daring peak, from glacier grim and dismal,
From shady dell and pine-clad slopes o'erhead,
Down to the depths below, profound, abysmal,
They find the narrow valley's lowly bed,

Seeking the ocean thro' their many changes
Invisibly, with musical soft flow.
So from the heart's deep clefts and lofty ranges,
Unseen by man, towards God our life-streams
go.

Love and Death

LOVE AND DEATH

A PAINTING BY WATTS



N love's own threshold Death is crushing
Love.

Swift ebbs Love's pulse, fast fails his
breath.

More faintly now his broken pinions move.
Inexorable Death !

The speechless anguish of Love's pleading eyes
Dims now, and every violet vein
With vivid voice on Death for mercy cries.
Death is unmoved by pain !

It is not that Death will, but that he must
Force entrance in at Love's rose-wreathèd door;
His hand is on the latch, his arm outthrust —
His footfall on the floor.

His muffling veil, his drapery of doom
Defy Love's fragile form. On, on,
He presses, in mysterious, mighty gloom.
Must Love be overthrown ?

Oh, Death is strong ! Yet his hid face e'en now
Love sees—and cries with rapturous breath
While light prophetic flames upon his brow,
“ Hail, dear deliverer, Death ! ”

DISARMING DEATH

T SOUGHT to disarm Death :
All aspects that had pained
I put away—the blackened pall, the
freezing breath ;
But Death himself remained.

The insignia of woe,
I cast them far away.
I let the sunshine through the shrouded
windows flow ;
I decked the house with day.

I said, “ No pallid flowers !
Bring crimson beauties bright !
No bier, no crape, no self-imprisoning
hours !
But colour, sunshine, light ! ”

I hid each weapon grim,
Each accessory broke.
Because, I said, perhaps 'tis these things
give to him,
His power to strike the stroke.

And did I Death disarm
Of lacerating spear,
Of armour black, of sword, of gloom, of
wild alarm,
Of deep abysmal fear ?

How useless all my care !
How impotent my act !
Still saw I Death inexorable standing
there,
Himself the changeless fact !

LIFE

TSAW life on the battle-field.
He met a fierce and deadly foe.
I heard the stroke. I saw blood flow.
I knew Life hurt. He did not yield !

Life in mid-ocean, wrecked, I saw.
Huge seas poured o'er his shallop slight.
Submerged, he rose with dauntless might,
And flung himself upon the prow.

The swirl of flames enwrapped frail Life.
This time, I said, no power can snatch
Doomed Life from death. Again a match
He proved for elements at strife.

Once more in direst straits Life strove,
Battling with error, sin and want,
Fell, beastly forms, stealthy and gaunt ;
But far his combatants he drove.

“ O Life,” I cried, “ what force divine
Thine unmatched subtle skill supplies ? ”
“ I cannot die ! Life lives, not dies !
Inherent deathlessness is mine ! ”

DEATH

 DEATH, to my Divinest Lord
Thou art the door !
Thou art the opening of the eyes
Long closed before.
Thou art the lifting of the lids
On Light forevermore.

ONLY THE DOOR

 ONLY a throb between me and my God !
One final heart-beat, then swift surcease ;
And the barrier past,
I shall be at last
With my God in the life of eternal peace !

THEY ARE CALLING

 HEY are calling to-night. Yes, voices are
calling,
Voices I love through the air down falling.

They are smiling to-night. Yes, faces are smil-
ing,
Faces I love—my sorrow beguiling.

Music

They are pleading to-night, yes, sweet tones are
pleading,

Tones that I love are interceding.

Up above,
Down below,
In love,
Not in sorrow,

They strike to the fathomless fountains of feeling,
They swell like a bell, which the wind sets pealing.

They echo,
Re-echo,

They die ;—no, they come again, faster and faster ;
They fade ;—no, they swell again, vaster and vaster.

Like billows of music that roll to the shore

They flood all my soul with memories of yore.

Voices, faces and tones, ye are mine, now as
never,

Ye are part of my being, forever, and ever !

MUSIC



UR boundless nature, fathomless and free,
Lies ocean-like, unknown, unstirred ;
Till, deep to deep, music's full, flowing sea
Calls out an answering word.

When Music strikes wild chords of mystic might,

Vast floods of feeling wake from sleep ;

When swift arpeggios run like leaping light,

Then great thoughts through us sweep.

Her subtle harmonies have wingèd flights,
 Her silver melodies breathe rest.
Her flutings float us far to airy heights
 Where suns flash East and West.

And strangely radiant worlds swim into view
 When music draws our spirit-bars.
She ranges, since the first great Dawning new,
 Mid singing morning stars.

GOD'S ARGOSIES

GOD'S argosies sail true !
Across the deeps of blue
 They steer straight home.
From shores that dip below
Horizons that we know,
 Laden with love they come.

Their stately sails are set ;
Their spars with spray are wet ;
 They ride through storm and sun.
Direct from God to thee
They bear across the sea
 Until the port is won.

Mist-veiled, or struck with light,
Through day or darkest night,
 Or leagues of golden space,
They bring to thee from far
Beyond the evening star
 God's wealth of love and grace.

Thunder, Wind, Dawn

THUNDER, WIND, DAWN

HAST thou heard the ominous mutter of
the thunder roll?
'Twas the shudder and vibration of thy
guilty soul.
'Twas a voice within thee filling all the deep
profound
Of thy sentient being with dire judgment's fear-
ful sound.

Hast thou heard a sound mysterious as of wind
that blows?
Whence it cometh, whither goeth, no man ever
knows.
'Twas the Spirit's breath creative, breathing life
in thee,
Sweeping through thine inmost nature in sweet
harmony.

Hast thou seen the sphere-wide glory of the
dawning hour,
Casting upward light prophetic of its zenith-
power?
'Twas the Resurrection day-dawn, measureless in
scope,
Widening out thy mighty future with the sun
of Hope!

OVERFLOW

BETWEEN the ocean and the land-locked
bay

For many a league runs the long bar ;
Low heaving dunes of sand mark out its way,
Dim in the distance far.

Where dips the dune, and all the sand is low,
Lie colour-bands of blue—the sea !
And on the bar its waters roll and flow,
And toss their white manes free.

It seems across that narrow marge some day
The ocean's might must break, and merge
The surging waters with the rippling bay,
'Tis such a narrow verge !

And so, some day, inrolling from afar,
God's mighty Being shall my spirit brim ;—
Bay, ocean, one ; and gone the slender bar
That keeps me now from Him !

Westhampton Beach, L. I., 1905.

DURHAM CATHEDRAL

THE KNOCKER ON THE SANCTUARY GATE

 F all the ancient history of thy past,
Imperial fortress-minster, on thy height
Seated in unmoved majesty and might,
One record lives, most worthy still to last,
And shows the heart of love and ruth thou hast.

Ely—Festival of Choirs

Of old thy holy brothers, day and night
Kept watch for him who in his sin's despite
Fled, seeking refuge, to thy stronghold vast.

In the wide country which thy turrets sweep,
A "sanctuary" thou, from grimdest fate.
The fugitive's faint knock gave fear surcease !
Perhaps these hollow eyes a flame did keep,
To light men to the knocker on the gate,
Lest any fail of holy "Cuthbert's Peace.'

ELY—FESTIVAL OF CHOIRS, 8TH JUNE, 1898

THE ANTHEM

TO-DAY the great cathedral flowered in song,
Its being's mighty purpose was fulfilled
What time a thousand voices through it thrilled
And pealing organs lent their living tongue.
Now all is over.—But the chorus strong
Yet seems to rise, though every note is stilled ;
From faintly choiring pinnacles are trilled
Fine airs which softest overtones prolong.
Now gray against the grayer evening skies
The minster's massive frame breathes deep
repose ;
On lace-like parapet and turret lies
The benison that lifted praise bestows ;
And shadowed grow the windows, like the eyes
That, thus to see their God more clearly, close.

To Emily Dickinson

TO EMILY DICKINSON

LIKE the fresh springs of fountains,
Like new stars in the skies,
Like the cool clefts of mountains,
Like clouds which sunset dyes —
So crystal fresh, or roseate pure thy heart-songs
rise.

An insight into Nature,
A glance within the shrine,
Some evanescent feature
Imprisoned in each line ;
Some mystery of beauty—from human, made
divine.

OLD FRIENDS

EFEW old friends are left to me.
One is the winter moon at night,
Throwing black shadows of the fine-
branched tree
Upon a field of white.

One is the yellow sunset's gold,
So profuse to my childish eyes ;
For me those amber fields can ne'er grow old ;
My youth amid them lies.

In Deo

One is the forest's ferny deep,
With wild, sweet odours in the air ;
Seclusion, rest, and balmy, wind-rocked sleep,
Like old friends, wait me there.

One is the ocean's disc of gray,
Or red, with sunset-light aflame.
With many gone—gone far and far away —
These friends are still the same.

IN DEO

EN atom from the Father's hand,
A fragment from the Father's heart,
Though dwelling in a distant land,
I know myself of Him a part.

Strong links, invisible but sure,
Join me to One I cannot see.
Sinful I am ; He calls me pure,
Because He gives His grace to me.

Then why not trust ? Why be afraid ?
His love surrounds me like the air.
I live in Him, for He has made
My little life His holy care.

Nature

POEMS

THERE are possible poems everywhere.
They shine in the stars, they float in the
breeze,
They roll in the rhythmic, empurpled seas,
They fly on the wings of the storm-strung air.

They are sphered in the dew, they drop in the
rain,
They hide in the forest, they run in the stream,
They leap out in fire, in icebergs they gleam,
They hang on the cliffs, they lie in the plain.

They quiver in aspens, they grow in the grass,
They are veiled in the violet and lost in the
pool.
In grottoes they glimmer, secluded and cool;
In wild weedy waysides their images pass.

At nightfall they whisper, at dawning they sing;
At midnight they blazon their words on the
sky;
At noonday they speak in a voice clear and
high.
With their sweetness and glory the world-spaces
ring.

The Day

For manifold nature has manifold tongues !
The snowflake hymns beauty as well as the
star,
The cloud and the sun and the crystalline spar.
All nature is lyric with poems and songs !

THE DAY

• I WATCHED the pageant of the Day—
Lived with the Day, from dawn's first ray ;
Companion of each instant new,
While high the sun rode through the blue ;
Sighted infinities afar,
Beyond th' outlying morning star ,
Caught morn's fire-torches' earliest glow,
Heard wind-filled silver trumpets blow.

I saw light shadows melt and pass
Along the gold-green of the grass ;
Swift, white cloud-glories swim the sky,
Or group their lustres, zenith-high.

Magnificent the Day's vast powers,
Its luxury of amber hours ;
Till deep in wildest sky-space bright,
Day left horizons filled with light.

Again infinities afar
I saw, beyond the evening star ;
Serene, adown the western way
Swept the grand pageant of the Day.

THE MORNING-GLORY

GLORY of the morning's breaking,
Rapture of the day's awaking !
Only flower that knows the story
Of my childhood's dawn auroral !
Like a dewy transcript floral
Flushed with lights of rosy splendour
Folded lies the record tender
In deep blooms of morning-glory.

That first chapter of my being
Lies fast closed to all my seeing,
Like some spell-bound, charmèd palace !
But if e'er there glows before me
At day-dawn, a morning-glory,—
Flashes back in sudden vision,
All that early life elysian,
From the fragile flower-chalice.

O, what world is this of splendour ?
Can a flower so swiftly render
To our hearts sweet childhood's rapture ?
Rapture, like a rose-mist glowing,
Golden, melting, heavenward going,
Evanescing, pure, prophetic !
Thus shall we, one day ecstatic,
All the infinite recapture !

OUR KINSMEN

“And I am one with all the kinsmen things
That e'er my Father fathered.”

—*Lanier.*

ELIVE in this world of beautiful forms,
No form is alien to men, or apart ;
Each morning sunbeam our being warms,
Each tree is a kinsman of friendly heart.

We love the clear bird-songs that fill our ear
With melody ringing for us alone.
The cricket's chirp is for us ; and we hear
A human voice in the rivulet's tone.

They are kinsmen—each century-blazing star,
Each snow-clad summit, each rose-flushed peak
Have most subtle oneness with us, for afar
Of things sublime and eternal they speak.

With all beautiful things that live, we are one.
We are kin to the circle of nature's whole.
So, O beautiful trees that stand in the sun,
Your beauty entrancing slips into the soul.

For the children of one great Kinsman above
Are the myriad forms of nature, and He,
Kinsman, Creator, He fits our love
To the star and the flower, the bird and the
tree.

CLOUDS

END the clouds perform Thy will,
Drifting, oh, how sweet and still,
Over meadow, vale and hill !

On an unseen airy line,
Floating towards some bourne divine,
Moved by breezes soft and fine,

Mist to mist and cloud to cloud
Still their caravanseries crowd —
Till the rain fall, soft or loud ;

Or in far horizons low
Where the sunset glories grow,
Stricken through with flame, they glow,

And like seraph-hosts they stand,
Rainbow-clothed, in golden band,
Vespers chanting o'er the land.

THE OLIVES

THAT HAVE learned to love the olives
With their feathery, gray-green grace,
For they take me back to a garden,
An old-world, beautiful place.

The Olives

And the garden is green with grasses
Starred over with lilies gay.
And oft when the day is declining
The Master comes here to pray.

The olives here bid Him welcome
To their tender, traceried shade ;
Their leaves, softly murmuring, soothe Him,
Like music dreamily played.

The olives receive and enfold Him
With an almost human love.
While the evening star lights the horizon,
And the crescent hangs above.

Then while Syrian skies grow deeper
And burn with a thousand stars,
He prays 'neath the olives, till morning
Her purple portals unbars.

For all through the night in the garden
He prays for me and for you,
Till His forehead is wet with moisture
And His locks with the morning dew.

So the olives are filled with meaning,
For they link us to Christ our Friend.
They speak of His deathless devotion,
Of His love that knows no end.

THE ARTIST OF SPRING

HER suit is of green, and her hair's golden sheen
Is like tasselled corn, wind-blown;
You may see where she's been by each flowery scene,
By gay tint and tone on each leaf and stone,
Bright yellow and blue and brown.

She sings with delight while she paints aright
The flowers in their colours gay :
“ This, my clearest white, is for daisies bright
And the lilies' array, so the faithless may
Consider the lilies alway.

“ This delicate gray, in mild Quaker-like way,
Is for lichens in forests old ;
For faint, misty spray ; for young buds in May.
And I'll paint like mould, all mottled with gold,
My moist mosses manifold.

“ A green that ne'er fades, for my deep ever-glades,
For clear pools in their leafy shrines,
For all close-sheathed blades. These exquisite shades
Through which sunbeams shine, for the tendrilled vine ;
And dark-blue green for the pine.

Brown and Blue

“ For all flame-coloured things with their fiery wings

 This vermillion and crimson hue !

And silver for rings in sunlighted springs,
And for dells wet with dew, where streams run
 through.

For the bending sky, my blue !

“ All gleams opaline, of swift splendour fine

 When the valleys grow dusky at even,

In sunsets shall shine—a picture divine,

A pathway of light, pearly pavèn,

 An iris-hued outpost of heaven ! ”

BROWN AND BLUE

 H, the brown, brown streams of March
 Are the blue, blue streams of May,
 And they lilt along with a lighter laugh
 As they carol on their way.

They sprinkle the bowlders brown
 With golden, shining spray.

They are artists, gilding the old gray world,
 These sunlighted streams of May.

And the brown, brown woods of March
 Are the green, green woods of May,
 And they lift their arms with a freer swing
 And shake out their pennons gay.

The Fisherman and the Stream

And the brown, dead world of March
Is the living world of to-day ;
Life throbs and flushes and flashes out
In the colour and fragrance of May.

And the heart I carried in March,
Under sullen clouds of gray,
Is another heart in its singing joy
Under blue, blue skies of May.
For sorrow has vanished like mist
Which fresh winds blow away,
And love is blooming with all bright things
In the light and glory of May.

THE FISHERMAN AND THE STREAM

• **I**'VE lost my heart to a maiden,
So glad and gracious and gay.
My dreams by night are love-laden ;
I follow her all the day.
She leads me through winding mazes ;
She trips down the green hillsides ;
She cuts a path through the daisies ;
She comes, but she never abides.

She glides into darkest angles ;
The boughs dip low at her glance ;
Then away from their shadowy tangles,
She speeds like a silvery lance.

The Bluebirds

She slides through the wheat-fields yellow;
She hides 'mid their stalks of gold;
Then bursts into sunlight mellow,
Or frolics in forests old.

Till almost I say, "I've lost her!"
My heart sinks low at the thought.
But I see her! I accost her!
The lady I loved and sought!
So she waits for her willing lover
In a cool and leafy grove;
She will give me time 'mid the clover,
To tell her my ardent love.

But now from the dim seclusion,
Dew-pearled its mosses and grass,
She is gone, the lovely illusion,
The bewitching, bewildering lass!
Just once—bees hummed in the clover—
She did not say me nay;
So I always shall be the brook's lover,
Till my very latest day.

THE BLUEBIRDS

LITTLE fragments of the azure,
Bits of blue that soar and sing,
Ye have caught the very gladness
Of the sky upon your wing.

May in the Raritan Valley

Now, like living flowers, a moment
 Bloom ye on a wind-swayed tree,
Colour-burnished like the bluebell,
 Or the wingèd fleur-de-lis.

Or like jewels iridescent,
 Gleam ye in the sunlight free,
On the brown earth glinting, shining,
 Like pure lapis-lazuli.

Then to heaven swift updarting
 Ye are lost in ether bright,
Glorified your glistening beauty
 In blue heavens of upper light.

MAY IN THE RARITAN VALLEY

MAY in the Raritan Valley is May in its fullness of beauty !
Generous and rich are these meadows,
 these verdurous broad-lying lowlands,
Deeply cleft in green halves by the steel-blue
 sword of the river.
Wide was the ancient flow of the stream, like an
 arm of the ocean ;
Now, as wide, spread green banks, the river's
 illuminate border,
Fenc'd afar by the silvery mists of the shadowy
 forests,

May in the Raritan Valley

And hillsides daintily covered with affluent, redolent blossoms,
Apple and pear and the delicate pink of the peach tree.
Slender elms are taking the veil, diaphanous floating about them,
Not yet drawn close as the Summer's leaves will enwrap them ;
Silent stand they, and dream and muse of the zephyrs and sunlight,
Single, apart in the meadows, the vestal virgins of nature.
Now the okalee's song trills sharp, true essence of Spring-time,
And the bluebird leaves his notes, a trickle of silver behind him.
The meadow-lark flutes to his mate, " So sweet, so sweet, none are sweeter ! "
Raps the woodpecker's hammer sonorous, remote in the woodland.
Solemnly strident and slow croak the frogs in monotonous concert.
Veiled in the dimness of distance the towers and spires of the city,
Swimming in amethyst light, faintly image the city celestial.
Swings the bridge on gossamer threads, with parapets woven of silver
Over the river onrolling to seaward, rose-flushed in its rippling.

To live is to tread upon flowers, to live is to
breathe naught but perfume;
Here is a world of glorified green, gilded deep
with the sunshine.
May is the year's happy childhood, and children
are we in the May time,
Here in this beautiful valley of light and fra-
grance and music !

THE SUN

THE sun took hold with his hands of might,
And drew the forests up into the light.
'Twas his hand painted each leaf with green,
From his palette prismatic, and with his fan,
He stirred the air till 'twas driven and whirled
Around and around the flying world.
He said to the clouds, " Come up towards me,"
And the vapours and mists crowded up from the
sea.

He drew the springs from the cleftèd hill,
And tuned the streams that never are still.
He laid stone courses deep in the earth ;
From him each tiniest crystal had birth.
Our world is the sun's great golden fruit,
From him is its flower and seed and root.
Oh, he is the giver, the glorious one,—
We live in the life of the life-giving sun !

The Sunlight

THE SUNLIGHT

ELONG a stem of grass
I've seen the sunlight glance,
Till gems went sliding up and down
Upon its narrow lance.

Through a swart bank of clouds
I've seen the sunlight smite
Until it shone beyond the hill,
A dazzling glory, white.

The yellow buttercups,
Where acres of them toss,
The sun can varnish with a coat
More rich than lacquered gloss.

O'er the wide fields of green,
For miles and miles unrolled,
The amber sunset's slanting light
Can throw a cloth of gold.

That ragged edge of mist,
Wind-driven, high and higher,
Burns in the sun, a scroll of flame,
Crisped in the glowing fire.

O Sun, that o'er the world
Rollest prismatic dyes,
Thou hast a brush of gorgeous hues,
Artist of earth and skies !

THE SUNSET CLOUDS

HALF-SUGGESTED childish faces,
Cloud-wise, gather in the sky ;
Fashioned out of gauzy graces
And soft-rolling cumuli.

Like the backgrounds crowded faintly
With dim cherub-heads divine,
Round some figure fair and saintly —
Some Madonna most benign,

So these airy ones come trooping
Out of sky-space, from the clear ;
And the light wind's subtle grouping
Ranks them swiftly tier on tier.

In pellucid skies enfolded,
Framed in blue of tenderest shade,
White and round and softly moulded,
Cherub cheek on cheek is laid.

In their locks are shadows holy,
On their brows a flush of flame,
And their looks are upward wholly
To the region whence they came.

Sweet mist-children smiling, staying
But a little in our sight ;
Heavenly vagrants, earthward straying
In the sunset fields of light.

THE THRUSH

FAR, high and clear above the entrancement
tender
Of nature's summer-deep, orchestral
theme,
Rings the thrush-song,—a crowning touch of
splendour,
A soaring glory, an enraptured dream.

Far, far away that melody ethereal,
The trill of that ecstatic, haunting note !
Still grow the woods. Skies glimmer more aërial;
The song grows mystic, more withdrawn,
remote.

Like sweet, elusive things that swiftly winging
A flight unfollowed, vanish far above ;
These rapture-notes, impassioned, high and ring-
ing,
Fail, cease and die ; but leave a trance of love.

THE WOOD THRUSH

DEAD, did I not respond
To notes that call me far
From walls of brick and stone
Where heated cities are,—

The Wood Thrush

I hear thee in thy haunts
'Mid musing, mossy trees,
In deep seclusions hid,
Fluting to each soft breeze.

Here fall pale, dappled lights
On wildwood pathways dim;
The swift brook flashes here
Where rises thy rare hymn.
The basswood leaves hold out
Their heart-shaped disks of green
To catch each ray of gold
That sifts, light boughs between.

For tangled roots and moss
Of bowlders lichen-grown,
For outspread tapestries
In grays and ashen brown,
For tender fronded ferns,
Black-stemmed, that hide from light,
All level beams of morn
That bar the trees with white;—

For these thou art a voice
Ecstatic and remote,
And all mute woodland things
Sing in thy lyric note.
The far, clear call I heard,
And followed such sweet sound,
Myself among the things
For which a voice is found.

The Hermit Thrush

THE HERMIT THRUSH

ES from a hidden organ-loft upsoaring
The rare song-rapture rises through the
hush,
So from the topmost forest boughs outpouring
Flows all the liquid silver of the thrush.

The wild woods throb and thrill with rich pulsation
Of flooding peace and reverie divine,
Cadenzas clear of lyric adoration
Are linked with flute-like phrasing faint and fine.

I catch strange overtones of beauty, filling
The vibrant air with passion pure and strong;
Or hear a deep, interior music, stilling
To golden trance the perfect even-song.

The thrush's rhapsody—a swift revealing
Of sudden glory when wild tumults cease.
Nature's high worshipper, his rapturous feeling
Flows from idyllic realms of joy and peace.

On Mount Agassiz, Bethlehem, N. H.

THE BUTTERFLY

BALANCE on the timothy,
Tilt upon the clover,
Summer worlds are thine to-day,
Colour-sprinkled rover !
Yellow as the sunlight,
Dashed with damask rings
Are thy pretty, fluttering,
Iridescent wings.

Light as air, and dainty,
Is thy joyous flight.
Blushing flower and blossom
Quicken at the sight.
“ He has come, my lover,”
Cries the rose deep-red.
“ Welcome,” calls the clover,
Lifting up her head.

Deck the pallid lilies
Like a golden crown ;
Blow along the breezes
Like swift thistle-down ;
Drink thy fill of pleasure,
Little soul-like sprite,
For with dusk and sunset
Comes to thee thy night !

A Butterfly in the Alps

A BUTTERFLY IN THE ALPS

FRAIL little butterfly,
· 'Mid these mighty mountains,
Fluttering 'twixt summits high,
 Sipping at the fountains,
Fearless as fragile, thou,
 Heedless of all danger,
Floating where blue flax-flowers bow,
 Exquisite, rare ranger !

Sunlit meadows, soft and low
 Hold thee, gently hovering.
Far above may tempests blow—
 Lowliness thy covering !
So thy little day is spent,
 Vastness all around thee,
Happy in thy sweet content,
 Till the night has found thee !

SUMMER NOON

(N)VER the land lies the heat of noon.
The mountains are dim in a motionless
 glare.
Over the meadows, green with June,
 Shimmering and quivering rises the air.

Among the White Mountains

White-rimmed clouds curve out of sky-space
And skirt along the horizon's bound ;
In mist-falls and folds of airy grace
They form and vanish without a sound.

How still the forest stands in the sun,
Smitten by glittering spears of light,
Tranced by the powerful heats of noon,
Hushed into silence by splendour bright !

AMONG THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

HERE is no fevered fret !
This mountain meadow-slope
Round which the eternal hills are set
Breathes only calm and hope.

Rude city tumults cease.
These spaces are divine,
Where soundless silence rolls her peace
To far horizon line.

The fettered soul escapes.
The birds are not more free,
Or clouds that curl about these steeps,
Or mists blown from the sea.

As long as sunlight sheds
On tree and flower and crest
Its dreamy blues and greens and reds,
Here shall my spirit rest.

By the Sea

BY THE SEA



DAYS of quietness and deep content,
That steal as gently and serenely by
As your own sunshine that at noon
doth lie

In plentitude of golden ravishment
O'er every little spot that late was lent
To morning's shadows ; fairer livery
Lover ne'er wore in fondest lady's eye
Than that which o'er the earth your sunshine sent.

Is each day's beauty but a transient bliss,
A moment felt, then like a sweet note gone ?
Rather 'tis like a wave that flooding pours
O'er all the heart a tide of happiness
And ebbing leaves along our being's shores
Strange tokens from immensities unknown.

A WIND-SWEPT MEADOW

FAST followed wave on wave
Across the meadow-sea —
A disc of dark, a disc of light,
Swift running, fair and free.

Now stills the wind, and far
Breathes with a softened sound.
An even hue falls on the field
Grown level as the ground.

The Cricket

But swift the breeze returns,
And the green billows break
In undulations curved as smooth
As wavelets on the lake.

In arcs of beauty bright,
Acres of stemmy grass
Obedient bow across the plain
To all the airs that pass.

Now the high gale springs up,
Sweeps o'er the curves gray-white,
And spume-like crests edge every wave,
A mimic ocean bright.

THE CRICKET

THE cricket's meagre monody
Is rich enough for me ;
I never hear an orchestra
Of so full symphony.

I hear in his reiterant note
A thousand different bars ;
All sweetesses of childish thought —
Dew-fall, the hush, the stars,

HAYING IN OLD HADLEY STREET

The autumn haze, the lone wood-ways ;
My earliest love—my last—
He sings of these until I'm sure
The cricket knows my past.

The cricket sings—my vanished things
Come back—a tone, a touch !
He knows them ; but my heart forbids
That he recall too much !

HAYING IN OLD HADLEY STREET

EN ample meadow is Old Hadley Street !
In lengthened, fourfold glory multiplied,
Run lofty lines of elms on either side.
Midsummer suns here shine with soothing heat,
Distilling grassy blades to fragrance sweet,
Where fresh-cut winrows fall through spaces wide.
Here deep, perpetual peace and rest abide,
And ancient calm and noiseless quiet meet.
How century-old these elms ! Their lifted domes
Cathedrals cool, with clustered columns vast !
How dim the light that through leaf-casements comes !
What roomy silences ! What shadows cast
On new-mown hay, and rose-embowered homes
Serene in age-long brooding o'er the past !

AUTUMN

EPINE against the sky,
A white cloud o'er the pine,
A shadow on the hillside high ;
Silence and peace benign.

The cricket's hum goes on.
He sings " Repose, repose,
The summer's heat is done,
Rest at the summer's close."

A nameless change is near ;
Some subtle charm has passed.
Though still the sun shines clear,
Fair summer cannot last.

So in our lives, repose
Answers the cricket's sound,
And with the summer's close,
We pass an unseen bound.

AN OCTOBER DAY

EBOVE, serenities of blue,
Cloud-purities of white ;
Below, the maple's crimson hue,
The elm tree's torch of light.

The Seabeach in Autumn

Above, a deep, unfathomed space,
Far, brilliant tracts of air ;
Below, the hillside's dreamy grace,
And glory everywhere.

Above, a stillness, soundless, dumb,
The trance of Autumn days ;
Below, the murmurous cricket's hum,
And halos of dim haze.

Above, sabbatic skies and peace,
Ineffable and blest ;
Below, the gorgeous draperies
That robe the year at rest.

THE SEABEACH IN AUTUMN

BEYOND long lines of seaward dunes
Beats martial music of the seas ;
Like Titan blows of rhythmic ease,
Or onset of old mailed dragoons.

All lesser sounds the surf-drums drown ;
But on the wild main's hither side
Lie meadows green and marshes wide,
Deep inlets blue and cornfields brown.

Light breezes turn the windmill's wheel
In mystic motion 'gainst the sky.
Gold ricks of salt sea-grass rise high,
And lengthening still faint shadows steal.

Long slants the light of Autumn's sun ;
 In choiring chant the crickets sing ;
 Snow-white the sail as plumed dove's wing ;
 And peace falls wide, for day is done.

Lands, seas, float in empurpled light,
 The level corn is topped with gold,
 Green gilding over earth is rolled
 As down she drifts to beauteous night.

Quogue, L. I.,

MIST-VEILS

MYSTICAL sails from the fog outloom,
 Spectral spars lift into the light,
 Canvas is spread on a phantom boom,
 Ships evanesce and perish from sight.

Prows are invisible, ghostly things,
 But breezy topsails shimmer and shine,
 Or fold in shadow their snow-white wings,
 Shrunk to a black and slanting line.

Stately and tall, the three-masted bark,
 Destined to odorous, tropical seas,
 Buries her bowsprit in vapours dark,
 While her sails dream on in white reveries.

The Sea-Gull

The fog-veil, reefing its filmy fold,
Shows barges black as the barren night,
And skeleton gunwales, tipped with gold,
On pearl-blue reaches of sapphire light.

And mighty streamers of mist roll in
From leagues of cloud-bank piled up in space,
Dissolving mountains and islands green
In a witchcraft of melting, vanishing grace.

Then vapours that veil and mists that drift
Begin to wreath and to rise from the sails ;
Into the sunshine they stream and lift,
And again there is light that never fails !

South-East Harbor, Mt. Desert.

THE SEA-GULL

THROUGH opal skies, the sea-gull flies
On strong sea-pinions borne ;
A wingèd star, he sights afar
The pathways of the morn.

Serene his flight ; no fears affright
His buoyant, storm-proof breast.
He saileth white, a gleam of light
Against the crimson West.

Sunset From Shore

No winds can swerve the silver curve
That arcs the heavens for miles,
When seaward bound, his home is found
On far, lone, mist-veiled isles.

Mt. Desert.

SUNSET FROM SHORE

WHITE sails turned pink, and prows
grew gold,
And spars were made of light,
On seas whose molten sapphire rolled
Far out to meet the night.

The mountains caught on crested crown
Pale amethyst and blue;
And deep in hollows gray and brown
The mist-veiled shadows grew.

Through long ravines the scarlet fire
Burnt like a ruby red.
And flamed on crimson wings still higher
The cloud-host overhead.

Far to the East, faint green in bars
Edged the sea's mystery;
And in the amber sky the stars
Awaked to ecstasy!

Mt. Desert.

ANTINOUS

STAR AND FLOWER

“The soothsayers declared that the Emperor Hadrian must die, unless some friend loved him well enough to die willingly in his stead. Antinous, his beauteous boy-friend, leapt into the Nile and gave his life for the Emperor’s. Next day was found in the Nile a species of lotus never seen before, having a blood-red heart; and a new star was seen in the sky.”

CONSUMMATE flower of perfect human grace,

Thou too must close thy starry eyes in night !

But, lo, sublimed to azure deeps of space,

Thy beauty burns, a deathless star of light !

Forever drooped thy beauty’s flower-like head,
As some white lotus bends beneath its bloom ;

But, lo, thy life-blood dyes the lotus red,
Still throbs thy heart in its impassioned gloom !

No lovely thing of earth is lost or dies ;

It leaps to other spheres of life and power.

Beauty turns not to nothingness, but flies

To more ethereal homes in star or flower.

WIND MUSIC

bEAR ye the rustling of their garments' glory—
The wood-gods sweeping by in ranks divine?
How weird the rhythm of sounding forests hoary
Touched into music by wind-plectrums fine!

From clefted mountains and from pine-crowned ranges
Air-fountains fling fresh coolness on the breeze,
Leading leaf orchestras through murmurous changes
Of reeds and strings that strike wild harmonies.

Pure is the breeze as crystal torrent dashing;
The rippling foliage runs in waves of light;
And sways the green cloak of the birches flashing
Amid the green their alabaster white.

How from far terraces and uplands soaring
The winds plunge headlong in their airy flight,
And race across the fragrant plains, outpouring
Their vials full of odour and delight!

IN THE FOREST

DEEP shadows in emboughed trees
Are homes wherein to stay ;
Green forest-vistas build with ease
The spirit's glad highway.

The aspen leaf's fine tremolo
Can never quite be still,
But oscillates, now swift, now slow,
On light-hung pedicel.

All forest-stems, or dark or gay,
Or straight or bent, I love ;
But most the aspen's bole of gray,
In hue soft as a dove ;

And birches that, 'mid dappled green,
Stand like the columns light
Of marble temples, in the sheen
Of alabaster white.

At noon a woodsy fragrance lifts,
Distilled by midday heat,
And redolent it dreams and drifts,
Till all the air is sweet.

The feathery, curling ferns possess
Damp hollows of the woods,
Their fronded tribes the forest bless —
Emerald beatitudes.

At nightfall swells a wild, weird note,
Tone-music of the breeze,
Blown from a mountain gorge remote,
To play upon the trees.

Waterville, N. H.

THE SURF

FAN-FORMED, the surf comes creaming
up the beach
And melts into the hard-packed shining
shores ;
Deep scalloped, far along the silver reach,
The white curves vanish through the sandy
pores.

The tranquil mass of ocean lies as blue
As sapphire, or as turquoise, nearer seen ;
Till all along the fringing white, its hue
Blends into crystal-clear, translucent green.

So still the massive waters lie in rest,
So level is the liquid, azure plain,
No heart, you feel, beats 'neath this mighty
breast,
Till throbs with pulsing power the surf again.

Mountain Landscape

World-rhythms are thrilling in the surf's fixed fall,
And prove (beneath the placid outrolled sea)
Earth's steady pulse, the central power of all,
The world's great heart that beats unceasingly.

Westhampton Beach, L. I.

MOUNTAIN LANDSCAPE

MONOTONES of glory
Where mountain masses lie ;
Mysteries of shadows,
Serenities of sky.
Altitudes all hoary,
Amplitudes of air,
Amethystine splendours
Spreading everywhere.
Limpidities of shallows
Where crystal waters run ;
Ministries of meadows
Outlying in the sun.
Monarchies of forests,
Democracies of grass ;
Ermined aristocracies
Of high-born clouds that pass.
Solemnities of twilight
Slowly drawing on ;
Solitudes of midnight
Shrouding every cone ;

Hush and stars supernal,
O'er peaks dusk and lone,
Standing, still eternal,
Though the sun is gone.

THE HIGH HILLS

ERE there then such hushed, cool places,
Far above the city's clamour,
'Mid the woodland's leafy graces,
Full of shadowy, sylvan glamour?

From high cliff and headland hoary,
From pure heights far heavenward going,
Pour forth streams of life and glory,
From air-fountains ever-flowing.

From green trees whose poised leaves quiver,
From deep fern-glades, life concealing,
From cascade-flash, and from river,
Pure airs rise for the world's healing.

Torrents turbid in their dashing,
Fragile flowers, fragrance giving,
Thunder-clouds in sudden clashing —
All set free elixir living.

As from ocean, full of vigour,
Rise new airs without a measure,
Ever from the mountains' rigour
Sweeps this priceless, precious treasure.

In the High Mountains—The Olympians

And to men whom hot suns madden,
From the heart of this high fastness
Blow wild winds, and airs that gladden,
In fresh plenitude and vastness.

IN THE HIGH MOUNTAINS—THE OLYMPIANS

GOD-LIKE the fair Olympians lie asleep,
On far horizons laid apart at rest,
Their beauteous forms the draping cloud-wreaths sweep,
Tinged by prismatic fires flung from the west.

Repose how mystic, how serene and grand !
No cares of men disturb the eternal dream !
By fragrant winds their brows of snow are fanned.
Crowns rest upon their heads, and jewels gleam.

Their ageless, tireless rest goes on and on !
No waking stirs the stately ancient sleep !
With dawning, noon and evening-twilight gone,
The stars at midnight vigils o'er them keep.

They bask in sunshine of the upper air.
Storms find some other track and turn aside.
The purple hills that nearer lie, float fair,
A mirage-land where peace and rest abide.

The Riffel-Alp, Switzerland, 1898.

BROOKS AND BELLS IN THE ALPS

THE brooks and bells
Weave alpine spells,
Ring sweetest symphonies.
Orchestras rare,
Play thro' blue air
In high-hung galleries.

The brooks, how bright,
Flung from the height
Of rocky peak and dome !
Down leaping free
In mountain-glee
From pure snow crests they come.
In silver lines their beauty shines
And swift cascades of foam ;
Leaping thro' vales to deepest dales
They seek their ocean home.
Forever ring the songs they sing,
Their low, rich carolling.

The bells' sweet chime
Rings on in time,
Like faintest joy-tones clear.
Far up they climb with answering rhyme
The alpine gorges drear.
The cool airs blow, their soft tones flow
And fill the world with cheer.

A September Afternoon

The bells and brooks, the brooks and bells !
From alpine heights and alpine dells,
I hear their magic falls and swells.
The brooks flow ceaseless o'er their beds of
stone,
And blend their music with the bells' faint over-
tone.

The brooks and bells, the bells and brooks !
In hidden, mossy, ice-cold nooks
Where eye of elf or man ne'er looks
They weave the witchcraft of the endless tunes,
The mystic music of the Alps, the old-world
runes.

Zermatt, 1898.

A SEPTEMBER AFTERNOON

•¶ 'D have the light fall so
Thro' all the year !
The breezes blow as soft and low,
The dawn as crisp and clear.

The grassy, seeded heads
So tall and slight
Stand out against the sunset red
As exquisitely light.

An Amber-Azure Day

The shadows fall as fair
On beeches gray;
The leaves shake sifted sunlight rare
Across the sylvan way.

I'd have such streamlets cool
Forever play;
The waves of such a limpid pool
Forever rippling stay.

The clouds float white as mist
Athwart the hill;
And shadows, dim with amethyst,
The heights and hollows fill.

And down the mountain-side
The cascades leap,
And peace and joy on all abide
In the year's sacred sleep.

In the Beech-woods at Chamounix.

AN AMBER-AZURE DAY

ANGELS of the ether stand,
Azure chalices in hand,
Pouring hyacinthine streams
Through the drifted amber gleams.

Isles of lapis-lazuli
Rest upon a jasper sea.

Yellow Flowers

Shores of topaz rimmed with gold
Under sapphire skies unfold.

Sparry spire and mountain crest
Rise deep-girt with amethyst.
Opal coasts emboss the bay
Where cerulean waters play.

Liquid violet floods the hills ;
Purpling mist the valley fills.
Indigo in gulfs and belts
Into faintest sky-tint melts.

Beryl bars across the sea
Lie o'er leagues of mystery.
Ocean, earth and air have grown
One ecstatic turquoise tone.

In the flowing glory's surge
Sea and sky transfigured merge.
Bathed in chrysoprase and blue,
Lo, the heavens and earth are new !

Mt. Desert, September, 1896.

YELLOW FLOWERS

THE yellow flowers are children of the sun,
Shedding a little world of splendour on
the grass,
Nor will they let the golden light entirely pass
When day is done.

Goldenrod

Chrysanthemums and asters, sunflowers bold,
Nasturtiums, goldenrods and marigolds, are
flecks
Of the sun's glory—fragments fallen on the earth
he decks
With petalled gold.

Therefore I love these flowers so golden bright,
These little discs and plumes of sunshine in the
land,
Gathering their splendour from the sun, where'er
they stand,
Shreds of his light.

GOLDENROD

 H, the pure gold of it, yellow and shining !
Oh, the mere mass of it, filling the eye !
Here is no room for the miser's repining,
Here where the nuggets so plentiful lie.

Now at the noontide of glory and summer,
Nature has thrown all her largesse abroad,
Affluent wealth for each Croesus-like comer,
Acres and miles of the bright goldenrod !

The Procession of the Year

THE PROCESSION OF THE YEAR

I AM sweeping along in the proud procession
Winding with pomp through the flaming
ways ;

I am part of the pageant of summer's recession,
In the stately march of the Autumn days.

With pennons of colour and banners outstreaming,

October is flooding the forests and hills;
Like light through Cathedral-glass steadily beam-ing,

Its glory and grandeur earth's temple fills.

The winds through the pines with deep voices
moaning

Are an organ's sub-tones under melodies sweet.
The far heavens are opened—their full choirs
intoning,
Alternate with earth, antiphonies meet.

Onward the days sweep,—detachments of glory ;
Glory at dawning, more glory at night !

Under zeniths of splendour and frost-standard
hoary,

The grand army of flame streams in cohorts of
light.

AUTUMN HAZE

•**T**IS incense-day in the earth and sky !
The censer swings through the temple high,
And the pungent fumes of myrrh are blown
Through forest alleys wild and lone.
The volumes of golden mist unrolled
Wrap tree and hill in their purple fold,
Transfiguring mountain, meadow and stream,
In the violet light of an amethyst dream.
In the vale of the river the mists fall low,
And the woodland torches are burning slow.
The woods are the altar aflame with light,
Burning in crimson and amber bright ;
And the priest intones in accents clear
The vesper-service of the year.
The holy temple reechoes again
The chanted praise and the loud Amen !

AUTUMN STORMS

LIKE lost birds, fly the leaves
Dazed, wandering, tossed from forest
trees
Out to great space ; their wild flight weaves
A death-dance ere they die !

Winter Skies

Faint scents as of damp woods
The wind-storm scatters free ; and clouds
Gray lowering move, or else their broods
In sullen silence lie !

Swift drives the wind, and brings
More of the wild, affrighted things !
Far up and down on homeless wings
They float and fill the sky.

Why does their flight impart
Like wildness to my storm-strung heart ?
When blows the wind to bid me start,
Afar, like them, to fly ?

WINTER SKIES

THERE'S something in the light
Of Winter morning skies,
That strikes you like a sudden glimpse
Of pure eternities.

An amber brightness flings
A rose-mist on the hill ;
And breezes sweep, like rushing wings
Of those that do God's will.

The knotted branches black
Like fretted lace-work lie
Devices distant, rich and strange,
On belts of saffron sky.

The Apple-Wood Fire

Horizons glad, serene,
Far, happy shores of light
Stretch East and West and North and South,
Coasts of the Infinite !

THE APPLE-WOOD FIRE

¶ N a deep and a wide old chimney-place,
The flame-flowers bloomed long ago !
And they spread their grand petals with
gauzy grace
As spirit-flowers might grow.
And they turned, as they burned in the fire's
embrace
From pink to a crimson glow.

They sprang out of branches and trunks of trees
That once in old orchards grew.
And red as the blossoms where once hummed
the bees
Were these flowers of exquisite hue.
Ah, so red, that we said, though other blooms
fled,
Here are fire-flowers ever new !

So we heaped the gnarled knots of apple-wood
high
And the flames wrapped them closely round
In scarlet and ruby—like apples that lie

Sunrise in November

In Autumn-time piled on the ground,
When the whir and the stir of the crickets near
by
Seems a lonely, a lovely sound.

And my dear Love and I together still see,
When twilight draws on its sweet hours,
The filmy folds float from the flame-bearing tree
And vanish in airy bowers.
If we will, there is still, wherever we be
The old chimney-place and its flowers !

SUNRISE IN NOVEMBER

EN amber, concave heaven
Turned crimson where it lies
Along the black horizon line
Of mountain curves and skies.
A firmament aquiver,
With edge of rose-red dyes ;
And where the glory deepens
A flaming sun will rise.

Experiēnce of Ghristian Life

THE MORNING WATCH

MY word with God, His word with me
Before the face of man I see,
Turns heavenly light upon my way;
By faith I walk through all my day.

The precious moment brightly glows,
And does my Saviour's love disclose;
Girt with His power, my race I run,
Till Him I seek at set of sun!

A MORNING THOUGHT

SAVIOUR of Men, I heard Thee softly call-
ing,
While yet the silver dew was beaded
bright,
Gentle as dawn, a spirit-voice was falling
Upon my spirit, with the morning light.

“My child,” it said, “art thou, at this sweet
waking,
Thinking, ‘How can I serve my Heavenly
King?’

How can I, like the light around me breaking,
To little ones of His, good comfort bring?”

How Far ?

“ Thy thought is blessed ; and for its fulfilling,
I first will warm thy heart with Love’s strong
tide.

My own great love for thee afresh instilling,
Assuring thee, ‘ For love of thee I died ! ’ ”

HOW FAR ?

THE East is from the West, how far ?
Sundered in space, are no bounds met ?
Or ends the East at some bright star,
And to the West are sure metes set ?

See ! Two strong fire-winged angels leave
The throne of God, from left and right ;
East, West, their tireless pinions cleave
A flaming path in endless flight.

They glow and speed when myriad years
Of earth-accounted time have flown ;
They whirl by systems, suns, and spheres,
And worlds to ashen grayness grown.

Each spans the fringe of golden spray
Washing creation’s outmost shore.
Beyond, they light the blue-black way,
Flashing and flying evermore.

Yet part they still ! Their wings of might
 Gleam farther, farther, swiftly fleet.
 An outbound course—how infinite !
 For each no limit and no mete.

Far, far apart ! Soul, hast thou proved,
 With joy that sets all fear at rest,
 God hath from thee thy sin removed
 “ Far as the East is from the West ” ?

PRAYER

PRAYER is the skylark of the soul ;
 Far borne on pinions of desire
 She cleaves the air to one clear goal,
 Straight upward flashing, ever higher.

She sings and praises as she sings,
 Speeds up to God with raptured cry ;
 Or sink her baffled, storm-spent wings,
 As fierce winds beat along the sky.

Yet glad is she in sunshine’s gold,
 And pierces deeper heavens in flight.
 Man’s spirit-wings he may not fold,
 But spread them, flying to God’s light !

SUNDAY IN THE MOUNTAINS

THIS is a day to worship God !
How springs with higher, airier arch the sky !

And, dappling all the emerald uplands, lie
Long velvet patches of swift shine and shade.
The listening trees, the light-filled clouds, the streams,
The wild flowers, silver-streaked with dewy gleams,—
All these are His, and this the day He made !

This is a day to worship God !
Heaven's arch that springs with nobler vault above,—

What can it symbol but His boundless love,
All pure and palpitating, vast and tender ?
The shifted shadows flung on circling hills,
Trees, flowers, the glistening grass, the glancing rills
Are but the trailing of His garments' splendour !

This is a day to worship God !
From far air-fountains flows the mountain-breeze ;
And tinkling,ainless, in the aspens' leaves
Sound ever on the soft, perpetual showers.
High over all, the glory of the sun
Gilds the wide world, until his course is done.
O worship God this day which He makes ours !

In the White Mountains, N. H.

“The Angelus”

“THE ANGELUS”

MILLET'S PAINTING

FAR, far away,
The bells peal, “Pray,
Pray at the dying of the day !”
O'er levels dim
The sweet sounds swim,
The cadence of a seraph's hymn.

Vibrant and low,
More tenuous, slow,
Down the horizon's verge they go.
Heavy with care,
In furrows bare,
Two toilers hear, and bow in prayer.

The bells sing, “Cease ;
Rest and release
Come with the nightfall's blessed peace !”
The music rare
Throbs through the air,
Suffusing it with faith and prayer.

As angels sing,
The blest bells ring —
And, lo ! the toilers see the King.
They hear Him say :
“ Come, rest and pray ;
I, too, was weary in the way.”

The Angel of the Spring-Time

O ye that moil,
Yoked to the soil,
Still are ye nobler than your toil !
O ye that plod,
Turning the sod,
Your worship lifts you up to God !

Not of the earth
Had ye your birth ;
Other are ye, of better worth !
Spirits, not clay ;
Children of day ;
Not beasts of burden—souls that pray !

O toiling men,
It rings again —
The angelus soundeth now as then !
World toilers, hear,
How, far and near,
“ Pray, pray ! ” it ringeth sweet and clear.

THE ANGEL OF THE SPRING-TIME

ANGEL of the Spring-time,” said she,
“ Show me where to sow my grain.
Shall I plant it round my door-step,
Or afar there on the plain ? ”

The Wind and the Seed

“At thy feet!” the angel answered,
 “Sow at once the nearest field!
First, thy dooryard; then beyond it,
 Let new fields new furrows yield.

“Fill the nearest spot with gladness,
 Fill thy home with goodness sweet;
Wider fields shall ask thy sowing,
 If thou first sow at thy feet!

“Thus for thee shall widening harvests
 Wave their manifolding grain,
Till the sixtyfold, the hundred,
 Gild the dooryard and the plain!”

THE WIND AND THE SEED

THE winds of God may waft
 The wingèd seed of thought
To fields by thee unseen,
 Far from thy little plot.

There in the furrows soft,
 Moulded by other hands,
Thy tiny seed may bear
 Fair harvest in far lands.

God's winds blow as they list,
 Whither and whence unknown;
Should He but give thy thought,
 Trust Him to waft His own.

THE KING'S ARROWS

"And Elisha put his hands on the king's hands."
—*2 Kings 13 : 16.*

LAY hands invisible, O Lord, on mine !
Thy gracious hands of guidance and of
strength ;
So, from bow drawn to fullest arrow's length,
Sure shafts shall fly, swift-wing'd with words of
Thine.
Lay hands of power, lest mine should feeble prove ;
Lay guiding hands, lest mine should shoot
astray ;
My hands are weak to hold the bow ; how may
They speed the arrows of Thy mighty love ?

From eastward windows opening to the sun,
The arrows of the Lord's delivering aid
Shall fly—shot after shot from out Thy Word,
Nor faithless shall I stay my hands while one
Remains, if but the while on mine are laid
Thy hands invisible and pierc'd, O Lord !

Rutgers College, N. J.

LOVE'S EXCHANGE

LOVE came unto the market-place,
Though not to sell for profit's sake,
Nor for himself some gains to make,
But seeking men with gifts of grace.

Most lovely, priceless wares he bore,
Till then unseen ; nor had the sun
Flashed from such textures finely spun,
Nor traders shown such stuffs before.

He proffered these to passers-by,
But not for gold or brilliant gem.
“ These precious things, I give ye them,”
Cried Love, with beaming face and eye.

One took from Love a jewelled crown,
One decked himself in velvet fine,
One craved swift wings and smiles divine,
Love gave to each what he would own.

And did Love take no pay ? Nay, more,
He took with meekness, without scorn,
The rags cast off, the garments worn,
And he himself the tatters wore.

He took neglect, dislike—to prove
Exchange was true. Nor felt his part
Fulfilled till he had given his heart
For Hate, and taken Hate for Love.

THE NOON OF LIFE

HOON of Peace in God’s great harbour,
The safe hollow of His hand !
Our bright rushing voyage is over,
From the breezy morning-land.

The Master Speaks to the Soul of Faith

Furl we now our sails in resting,
While our boat at anchor rides ;
Till our life-craft, fresh waves breasting,
Courses where our Pilot guides.

Moored awhile on God's own bosom,
Some new voyage wait we here.
Now our prow is set to westward,
Sapphire seas roll far and near.
On our snowy canvas beaming,
Shines a light that shall not cease.
Skirt we Glory's headlands, gleaming
With the City's rapturous Peace !

THE MASTER SPEAKS TO THE SOUL OF FAITH

“ **F**EAR not ! How is it that ye have no faith ? ”
Soul, does the Master speak this word to thee ?

Surely He must, for while the word He saith,
Dark Unbelief cries out, “ He speaks to me ! ”

“ O thou of little faith ! ” Again His word
Borne on the air seems meant for me alone.
So little faith, so little, have I, Lord !
Surely Thou meanest me, Thy weakest one !

" O woman, great thy faith ! " wond'ring I heard,
And felt a holy joy in that still hour.

O can it be for me, this mighty word ?

And do I greatly trust Thy love and power ?

Once more, " A faith so great I have not found," —

Might I believe this was Thy voice to me,

Then should my soul, set free at one great bound,

Find utter, endless, final faith in Thee !

PRAYER

PRAYER is a copious cloud
Hung o'er the parching plain ;
Softly it falls or loud,
In unbought, priceless rain.

Pray for thy friend ! Upon him shall distill
Those showers of love God sendeth at His will !

Prayer is a flowering tree
Fed from an unseen root.
It cannot fail, where'er it be,
To bring forth ripened fruit.

Thine be a tree which many blossoms fill !
Each bud bears fruit. It is the Master's will.

Prayer is a glorious star,
Its orbit out of sight ;
It speeds beyond the midnight's bar
Far towards the throne of light.

Secret Prayer

Then it returns, steadfast, serene and still ;
Its rounded arc completed by God's will.

Prayer is the setting sun,
Lost in the glowing west ;
So drops our prayer, when day is done,
In the All-Father's breast.

But it shall rise beyond the Eastern hill —
A glorious sun of strength, to work God's shin-
ing will !

SECRET PRAYER

SIT in the hidden room in prayer and silence.
The door shall open. Two shall enter in —
Sweet Grace and Peace shall come, sent by
the Father,
And from the Lord who takes away thy sin.

The lustrous brightness of their garments' glory
Fills all the room, and rests upon thy head.
They join their hands above thy brow in blessing,
A breath of Heaven's deep joy is o'er thee
spread.

Beside them seated, thou shalt learn the meaning
Of that great love wherewith thou hast been
loved —

Exceeding riches of His Grace and kindness,
The love to thee with which thy God is moved.

O, let them talk to thee and fill thy being
 With sense of sin forgiven and power unknown.
 Free Grace in Christ shall give thy eyes new seeing,
 And Peace shall fill thy spirit with her own.

Then to a world of sin and darkest sorrow
 Thou shalt return, a messenger to men.
 For Grace and Peace shall henceforth walk beside thee,
 And work thy Saviour's works with thee again.

HOME

THE heavenly home-bringing will be sweet,
 will be sweet!
 The heavenly home-coming of the oft-weary feet.
 The eyes often raised to the Father's abode,
 Will be glad evermore when they look on their God.

The heavenly home-bringing will be soon, will be soon!
 For the morning hours are gone, and it's far past noon.
 The shadows are length'ning and twilight-hush has come,
 And I almost hear His voice saying, "Child, come home!"

A Prayer

The heavenly home-bringing will be bright, will
be bright !
For the shadows all will flee, when there's no
more night ;
A glimpse of heaven's glory, I even now can see,
But when the door opens, full splendour there
will be.

I may not look back on the life so nearly done,
But forward evermore towards the eve's set of sun.
Towards the morn's glory-dawn, and the bright-
ness of the place—
Where soon He will take me, to see Him face to
face.

My heaven's breaking on me ! I feel it very near !
His chariot tarries not ! Its rolling wheels I hear !
His angels upward bear me to my soul's true
home ;
“ O surely He comes quickly ! Even so, Lord,
come ! ”

A PRAYER

HIgher, purer,
Deeper, surer,
Be my thought, O Christ, of Thee !
Break the narrow bonds that limit
All my earth-born, sin-bound spirit

The Wonder of Sleep

To the breadth of Thy divine !
Not my thought, but Thy creation,
Be the image, purely Thine ;
Deep within my spirit's shrine
Make the secret revelation ;
Reproduce Thy life in mine.

Truer, clearer,
Lovelier, dearer,
Be my thought, O Christ, of Thee !
Not my earthly, crude conception,
But the holy, true reception
Of Thy Spirit's teaching high !
May He heighten, clear, enlighten,
Every thought intensify !
So Thy lovely image brighten,
Till I Thee transfigured see !
Oh, reveal Thy life in me !

THE WONDER OF SLEEP

WOW strange is sleep that falls from out
the spheres,
And falling quenches mortal pain !
Whence comes it to extinguish burning tears
And cool the white-hot brain ?
Or shaken poppy-buds, whence have they power
To seal and mortise human eyes ?
How lull they for one short and charmèd hour
All rending human cries ?

For the Guest-Chamber

Rain down, rain down from stillest depth of space,
O slumber, potent witchcraft deep !
Pour o'er tired eyes and hearts the speechless grace
Of magic, mystic sleep !

FOR THE GUEST-CHAMBER

SWEETLY rest, my friend and guest,
In this chamber, peace-possessed.
Quiet pass the hours of night
Till the holy dawn of light.
God above, thy heart enfold
In His love unchanged, untold ;
Wake thee by His touch from sleep
Who does His beloved keep.
Good-night, and rest,
My friend and guest !

SLEEP

HE slumbers not, that thou mayest rest ;
He wakes, that thou mayest sleep !
So on the great All-Father's breast,
Sink thou in slumber deep.

Hast thou not heard, He fainteth not !
He cannot weary be !
Tireless beyond all reach of thought,
From old Eternity !

"Whether We Sleep or Wake"

He waits thy eyelids' tender close,
On tired eyes softly pressed ;
And lulled in charmèd deep repose,
Sleep thou on His great breast !

"WHETHER WE SLEEP THEREFORE OR WAKE, WE ARE THE LORD'S"

 NE day the fingers of the Lord
Upon my eyes shall lie ;
And when their tender weight shall lift,
'Twill be eternity.

But while He holds my yielding lids
With that soft force of His,
My spirit shall not sleep, but wake
Into His utter bliss.

THE WATCH

 OW strange the mystic watch we keep,
With our Beloved Dead,
Before we lay them, tranced in sleep,
In their lone narrow bed.

They seem with us a little while
Still lingeringly to stay
Before their last mysterious smile
Is veiled from us away.

Mine Eye Shall Behold Him

'Tis they ; and yet no word they speak
With sweet familiar sound.

Repose how awful—yet how meek,
How changeless, how profound !

On marble-carven lips and brow
The charm gleams as of old,
Like light that falls on purest snow —
As lovely and as cold.

But 'tis not they ! Our hearts must break,
E'en by the precious form.

Life, only life, can still the ache —
Life, tender, true and warm.

Hark the high word that conquers pain,
The word of trumpet tone :
Thy sleeping ones shall live again
When Jesus wakes His own.

O Day of Days ! " The Lord has come !"
They catch the glory word.
With Him they rise to life and home,
Forever with the Lord.

MINE EYE SHALL BEHOLD HIM

HOPE fair and sweet, that on some bright
to-morrow
We shall behold Him—He has prom-
ised this.

How then will fade each clinging sin and sorrow,
When made like Him, we see Him as He is.

The Threefold Song

We shall see Jesus ! Living hope victorious,
O'er sin and fear and terrors of the night !
Our eyes shall see the King in beauty glorious,
Our eyes shall see that far-off land of light.

Not having seen, we love Him ; still believing
They, too, are blest, who love Him without
sight ;
Faith's promised end with fullest joy receiving,
When we shall waken on that morning
bright !

THE THREEFOLD SONG

SERAPHS cry by day and night,
Each to each the threefold word ;
Chanting far in upper light,
“ Holy, holy, holy Lord ! ”

We, beneath our lower skies,
Dull of ear, of eyesight dim,
Sometimes catch with sweet surprise
Echoes of that wondrous hymn.

Then a light falls on our heart,
We forget our sin and wrong ;
Spirit-taught, we bear a part
In that three-times holy song.

The Eternal Love

“ Holy, holy, holy Lord ! ”
All our soul adoring cries ;
Then on earth we sound the chord
Seraphs strike in Paradise.

THE ETERNAL LOVE

 THAT a glory-light would gleam
On my dull rounds of care !
Or music from some heavenly theme
Throb through this earthly air !

But hark, my soul ! soft from above,
Eluding mortal ear,
The voice of the Eternal Love —
An inward voice—sounds clear.

“ From everlasting, from before
The birth of earth or heaven,
My love to thee, forevermore
Changeless and free was given.”

So speaks the Lover of my soul ;
The air throbs with His breath ;
What glory-lights are these that roll
O'er care and life and death !

THY NEIGHBOUR'S HEART

THREE'S a little green lane in every heart,
Though shadeless and dusty its highways burn;
In a byway moist with mosses and fern,
Green trees are leafy and wild brooks start.

'Tis a close-hidden lane, and you may not know
Where to look for its deep, secluded green.
But some finer fragrance, an air serene,
A starry blossom,—its hiding will show.

Though fiery the sun, and worldly the mart,
The real man lingers in this sweet place.
'Tis a piece of his childhood's diviner grace.
Be sure that you find it,—your neighbour's heart !

THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE

AO word but a hopeful one
Thy loved one must hear;
From morn till the day is done,
Speak only good cheer.
No look but a smile of love
Thy lover may see.
Thou mayest bring from above
Thy tranquillity !

TWO PETITIONS

TWO prayers I lift,
With each I say, "This gift
O God, be mine!"

Love—that is one—
For all beneath the sun;
And deep humility
Within, where God can see.
These be Thy gifts to me,
Love and humility,
Thine own great gifts divine.

And since I know
That very soon I go
Beyond the stars;
And since much must be done
In narrow span of sun,
Work in me, in short space
Thy miracle of grace.
Lord, send the answer swift
For the two prayers I lift,
Or e'er I cross life's bars.

**Jesus Christ
and
Hymns**

HIS FACE

 NCE at my very side
Shone there a Face,
Full of unfathomed love,
Full of all grace.
There glanced my father's look
Speaking to me ;
Beamed there my brother's brow,
Noble and free !

Peaceful and innocent,
Pure—like my child,
Deep as my husband's heart,
On me it smiled.
In it there gleamed the light —
Ah, what a glow ! —
Of my dear friendly loves,
All that I know.

From it a radiance streamed,
Sun-like, sublime !
There gathered holy looks,
Those of all time.
Aspects of sainted souls —
Felt I their tears !
Full of all heavenliness,
Martyrs and seers.

The Weissborn

Mighty, angelic power,
 Seraphic grace,
Mingled their mellow fires
 In that One Face !
Opened Eternity ;
 Then, at a word,
Knew I the Face of Him,
 Jesus, my Lord !

THE WEISSHORN

WHAT lies so spotless and so white,
Lifting in purity and might
Its dome ethereally high
In azure reservoirs of sky ?

It fills the eye, the heaven no less,—
'Tis my Redeemer's righteousness !

What flows so strong, so free, so bright,
From snowy Alpine height to height ?
Like marching music is its song,
Still pouring deepening tides along
Through ages past, and Time's great Now.
River of Life, 'tis thou, 'tis thou !

What hangs above the mountain's crest
While purple dawning fills the east,
And rolls a soft effulgence clear
O'er sleeping mead and valley dear,
Foretelling daybreak near and far ?
'Tis Thou, O bright and morning Star !

Switzerland, 1898.

SNOW ON THE BREITHORN

LAY on us, Christ, Thy glory,
Thy robe of righteousness,
As on these mountains hoary
Is laid a dazzling dress.

Vast breadths of beaming splendour
The rugged headlands hide,
And smoothed to contours tender
In beauty they abide,

Reflecting (though by nature
So dark they cannot shine)
In every gleaming feature
A purity divine.

So on us fall Thy brightness !
Thy glory o'er us throw,
Thy robe of radiant whiteness
More dazzling than the snow.

MOUNTAIN HEIGHTS

WHEN wilt thou, oh my soul, arise
To mountain heights serene and
broad
Where glory like a garment lies,
And rapture like a robe of God ?

Jesus Creator

Seest thou where splendour and repose
Rest with a peace naught can destroy,
And radiant sunlight sweeps and flows,
O'er heights of beatific joy ?

Then came a voice, " Thou shalt attain
E'en to the very heights of God,
When down upon the weary plain
Thou seek'st to lift thy brother's load.

" First, joy to bear another's pain,
Nor think of scaling rapture's height ;
With others suffering, thou shalt reign
With God upon His Peaks of Light."

JESUS CREATOR

LORD of Life, how breaks Thy glory
Out of star and flower and clod !
Sun and atom tell one story,—
Christ, the Maker, Christ is God !

Burnished leaf, translucent shadow,
Charmèd waters laid in sleep,
Azure skies and soft green meadow,
Chant this chorus lowly, deep.

Sovereign seas and sunsets golden,
Silver bars of farthest space,
Crystal spars and seacoast olden,
Song of bird and cloud-flight's grace,

Sabbath Evening before Sunset

Soul-smile laughing out of childhood,
Sweet serenity of age,
Lulling brooks or cloistered wildwood,—
Runs one record on each page :

“ Life in Him,” the World-Book preaches ;
Thine all colour, motion, light.
Radiant form or texture teaches
Thy great tenderness or might !

”Tis from Thee, O Christ, creation
Streams as from a fountain free !
Of Thy Godhead revelation,
Image beautiful of Thee !

SABBATH EVENING BEFORE SUNSET

¶ T is as if the Lord had just ascended —
The air has grown so clear, so full of
light —
And that white cloud with heaven’s deep azure
blended
Had just received Him from our transfixed
sight !

The radiance of His robe seems yet to glisten
On the still waves of crystal, shining air ;
And words of benediction as we listen
Fall like a fragrance on the soul in prayer.

The Invisible Christ

The golden air, the silence, and the blessing ;
The vanished Lord ; the hearts that in us burn !
Breathless we watch the pomp, our hearts confessing
His coming glory and His sure return !

THE INVISIBLE CHRIST

THROUGH all the world's wide market place
There walks a lonely, loving One ;
So close to man, that face to face
He speaks, and yet He is not known !

The Christ invisible is He,
Veiled 'mid the hurrying, blinded throng ;
So close to men they needs must see,—
The crowds so near He walks among.

And yet they see Him not, nor guess
How near them presses the Divine !
They catch no light of holiness,
Of Godhead they receive no sign.

Reveal Thy glory, risen King,
Nor for men's darkness longer stay !
Rise on the midnight ; swiftly bring
The light, the splendour of the Day !

FOR OTHERS

AN EASTER HYMN



OTHERS He saved ; Himself He could not
save,

Nor from the cross come down, nor shun
the grave.

God's only Son His life for others gave !
Alleluia, Alleluia !

For others through the dewy night He prayed.
Like to His brethren in His nature made,
Their sin and suffering all on Him were laid.

Alleluia, Alleluia !

He bound the hearts that pain and sorrow broke,
And to the poor in heavenly accents spoke ;
For others bore the stripe and bruising stroke.

Alleluia, Alleluia !

Prisons He opened to the captive slave ;
Garments of praise for heavy mourning gave,
Sight to the blind. It was His work to save !

Alleluia, Alleluia !

He wore a crown of thorns, that we might wear
A crown of glory in those worlds most fair,
Where we His beauty and His power shall share.

Alleluia, Alleluia !

For others He arose from Death's dark night,
For others claimed His Godhead's regal right,
For others lives to-day in realms of light.

Alleluia, Alleluia !

LIKE UNTO HIS BRETHREN

¶ WALKED beyond the village street
Far up a hillside green and sweet.
There met I One who straightway coming
down
Faced ever forward towards our little town.

Where will He stay? What house shall greet
The coming of the stranger's feet?
I envied those who dwelt in noblest homes —
For glad, I said, the threshold where He comes.

I saw Him turn aside and slow
Down a rude street, unnoticed, go.
No flowers or cooling fountains graced the way,
Dusty and hot and stifling grew the day.

He stepped into a lowly shop.
Why does He deign to make this stop?
Within were tools and shavings curled in piles,
The axe, the saw, the hammer, nails and files.

I had not thought this workman's home
Was that to which such guest should come;
And half ashamed for our poor town, I cried,
“Sire, we have splendid homes where we abide!

“Come Thou where vaulted arches high
Shut off with shade the sultry sky.
Where music lulls the weary spirit still;
Come where Thou wilt forget all human ill!”

On me He looked! Can I forget
The love that there my vision met?
Like to His brethren made in low degree,
The Carpenter—yet Son of God was He!

CHRIST OUR LIFE

“I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.”

SWEET the life, O Jesus, Master,
Flowing down from Thee, our Head!
Through the stronger coursing faster,
On each weakest member shed.
Life from Thee, the ceaseless Giver,
Fills Thy Church unceasingly;
All the life of each believer
Every moment comes from Thee.

Strong the life, O Jesus, Master,
Working in us even here;
Not our own,—a life far vaster
Draw we from our Lord most dear.
Life for sweet and strong endeavour,
For all service glad and free;
All the life of each believer
Every moment comes from Thee.

Full Thy life, O Jesus, Master!
More abundant life divine
Give us, kingly Shepherd, Pastor;
Let Thy sweet life through us shine!

Thy Love to Me

Thine exhaustless life forever
Flows to us perpetually;
All the life of each believer
Every moment comes from Thee.

THY LOVE TO ME

"I have loved thee with an everlasting love."

TUNE—More Love to Thee; or Nearer, my God, to Thee.

THY love to me, O Christ,
Thy love to me,
Not mine to Thee, I plead,
Not mine to Thee!
This is my comfort strong,
This is my only song,
Thy love to me.

Thy record I believe,
Thy word to me.
Thy love I now receive,
Full, changeless, free.
Love from the sinless Son,
Love to the sinful one,
Thy love to me.

Immortal love of Thine,
Thy sacrifice,
Infinite need of mine
Only supplies.

A Prayer

Streams of divinest power,
Flow to me, hour by hour,
Thy love to me.

Let me more clearly trace,
Thy love to me,
See in the Father's face,
His love to Thee ;
Know as He loves the Son,
So dost Thou love Thine own,
Thy love to me.

A PRAYER

“ What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee.”

FIRM in Thy strong control,
O Father, hold my soul
Faithful to Thee !
If e'er I fear to fall,
Then let me hear Thee call,
“ I am thy all in all,
Trust thou in Me.”

A revelation new
Of what Thy grace can do,
O, God, be mine !
The need is all my own,
The grace is Thine alone ;
Grace deep as need, make known,
Thy grace divine.

A Believer's Prayer

A power within reveal,
Thy power to help and heal,
Strong, changeless, free !
O, by temptations sore,
By sorrows that He bore
Who loves me evermore,
Give victory.

Thy freeman—once a slave —
Freedom to serve I crave,
To serve but Thee.
Blessing and being blest,
Be this my only quest,
How I may serve Thee best,
Till Thee I see.

A BELIEVER'S PRAYER

MORE of the Spirit's upholding,
More trust that He guides His own.
More of His deeply-wrought moulding
Of each thought and act and tone.

More of the strenuous willing
To place our treasures above.
More of the patient fulfilling
Of the royal law of love.

Only the Words of God

More of the eager compelling
 Of the lost sheep to come in.
More of the Spirit's indwelling,
 In the power that conquers sin.

More of the tenderer bearing
 “ A dying Christ on the heart ” ;
So more of the Christlike sharing
 Of the weaker brother's part.

More of the Spirit's unfolding
 Of the wondrous words of grace.
More of the blissful beholding
 Of the risen Saviour's face.

ONLY THE WORDS OF GOD

THY voice—though many voices call ;
 Thy words—though other words may
 move ;
Thy thoughts be to me all in all.
 Thy voice, Thy words, Thy thoughts are love !

Stay Thou the flow of voices strong ;
 Quench other words, so I hear Thine ,
And hold in leash world-thoughts which
 throng ;—
That I may think Thy thoughts divine.

Beholding, Believing, Belonging

O have these words to us been given
 Direct, expressing all Thou art—
Words, thoughts, that had their birth in heaven,
 Drawn deep from Thy unfathomed heart?

Then let me hear in silence deep
 The words that have no outward sound,
The pure, the perfect tones that sweep
 From Spirit to our souls' profound.

The breathing of the inviolate word,
 The voiceless Spirit's yearning cry,
Shall utterance find—through us be heard,
 When we repeat His message high.

BEHOLDING, BELIEVING, BELONGING

JOHN 6: 40 (R. V.)

¶ BEHOLD Thee, Jesus, Saviour,
 Dying on the cross for me ;
O, Thou Man of Sorrow, let me
 Never turn my eyes from Thee.

I believe in Thee, my Saviour —
 Life eternal Thou dost give ;
Son of God, my strong Redeemer,
 Thine own life I now receive.

I belong to Thee, my Saviour ;
 None has loved me—none like Thee.
Thine to-day, O Risen Master,
 In the glory Thine to be.

The Just For the Unjust

Constantly beholding, daily
My belief in Thee grows strong,
And new grace is given to serve Thee,
Thee to whom I now belong.

THE JUST FOR THE UNJUST

TUNE—Rock of Ages.

BLESSED was the dying thief
Looking on his dying Lord,
Sure and strong was his belief,
For he saw the blood outpoured.
Saw the cruel spear-points thrust—
Saw the Just die for the unjust.

Not for him the cross was dim,
(Though our eyes may holden be,)
Christ upon the tree *for him*,
Nothing else his eyes could see.
In the whole wide world beside,
None but Jesus crucified !

“I, if I be lifted up,
Will draw all men unto Me.”
So the Saviour drank the cup
Of our guilt and misery.
In His body on the tree,
Bare our sins to set us free!

The House of Mercy

Midnight dark fell at mid-day ;
But before the darkness came,
One glad sinner found the way —
Life through Jesus' mighty name.
O to-day that I might see
Only Jesus—slain for me !

THE HOUSE OF MERCY

For the dedication of a church.

JESUS now in glory dwelling,
Far beyond our loving sight,
In the splendour most excelling,
In the great excess of light,—

While we build for Thee a temple
In earth's lowly, needy place,
Fill the house with measures ample
Of the Spirit of all grace.

Build the house Thyselv, O Saviour ;
House of Mercy let it be,
Where the lost shall find Thy favour,
And the weary rest in Thee.

Wide its doors of pardon setting,
Bid the heavy-laden come,
All their sin and care forgetting
In the new-found peace of home.

Sweetly call the children growing
Like fair lilies in the Lord ;
Set fresh streams of goodness flowing
From the richness of the Word.

Here give life for death, revealing
All Thy dying love again.
Teach new power of service, sealing
To Thy work devoted men.

Make this humble house most glorious
With Thy presence from above,
Fill it with Thy power victorious,
Lord of light, of peace, and love !

GOSPEL HERALDS

"Whither He Himself would come."—*Luke 10:1.*

SEND Thou, O Lord, to every place
Swift messengers before Thy face,
The heralds of Thy wondrous grace,
Where Thou, Thyself, wilt come.

Send men whose eyes have seen the King ;
Men in whose ears His sweet words ring ;
Send such Thy lost ones home to bring ;
Send them where Thou wilt come.

To bring good news to souls in sin ;
The bruised and broken hearts to win ;
In every place to bring them in ;
Where Thou, Thyself, wilt come.

Rise on the Shadowed Nations

Thou who hast died, Thy victory claim;
Assert, O Christ, Thy glory's name!
And far to lands of pagan shame,
Send men where Thou wilt come.

Gird each one with the Spirit's sword,
The sword of Thine own deathless word;
And make them conquerors, conquering Lord,
Where Thou, Thyself, wilt come.

Raise up, O Lord, the Holy Ghost,
From this broad land a mighty host,
Their war cry, "We will seek the lost,
Where Thou, O Christ, wilt come!"

Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J., 1890.

RISE ON THE SHADOWED NATIONS

RISE on the shadowed nations,
O Sun of Righteousness !
With heavenly revelations
The sin-worn peoples bless !
Break with Thy radiant splendour,
O Glory of our God,
With light divine and tender,
O'er every land abroad.

O Christ, our sky is lighted
With beams that fall from Thee ;
Rise Thou on souls benighted,
Thy light let all men see.

My Kinswoman

Stay not for heathen blindness,
Stay not for unbelief!
Come, in Thy love and kindness,
And bring the world relief!

Send heralds swift before Thee,—
Men who have seen the King;
Those who will show Thy glory,
And joyous tidings bring.
The Church, Thy love confessing,
Be filled with holy zeal
To speak the words of blessing,
To seek, to save, to heal!

Let her, in faith victorious,
Subdue earth's sin and pain;
Prepare the way all glorious
For Thy most blessed reign.
Desire of every nation,
Come in Thy love and might;
Bring in the great salvation,
The world-wide reign of light!

MY KINSMAN

THE Syrophenician woman
Is my sister of long ago!
For ties most vitally human
Bind us close in mutual woe.

My Kinswoman

Though centuries roll between us,
Like a bridgeless, wide-rolling sea,
The angels perhaps have seen us
Clasp hands in mute agony.

I cannot fancy her features,
And I know not even her name,
Yet one we are in our natures,
And our deep heart-needs are the same.

We are one by Mother-feeling,
And we beg from the same kind Lord,
For dear ones His touch of healing,
Though "He answer us not a word."

His words,—while still she was praying
For the crumbs from His table spilt,—
"O woman, for this thy saying,
Be it unto thee as thou wilt"—

I, too, would hear while abiding
With her at His feet, as I must,
To learn a sweeter confiding
And a truer trust from her trust.

As simply I'll tell Him my story !
For to her the Master saith,
Those words of immortal glory,
"O Woman, great is thy faith !"

THE NEW WOMANHOOD

TUNE—Italian Hymn.

THE notes of woman's praise,
Jesus, to Thee we raise,
Full, clear and strong !
O by Thy human birth,
O by our nature's worth,
O by the needs of earth,
Hear this new song !

New hope, new gifts, new power,
Give us in this new hour —
A love world-wide !
Fresh gifts of ministry,
Deep power of sympathy,
Sure hope of victory,
Thou, who hast died !

Helpers, O Christ, with Thee,
To set the whole world free
From sin and pain !
Sweet words of life we'll speak —
Good tidings to the meek ;
Thy lost ones we will seek,
And break each chain !

Uplift for every soul,
Redemption for the whole
At home, abroad !

The Good Shepherd

For this we women pray,
That Christ's triumphal sway,
May bring the perfect day —
The day of God !

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

TUNE—Koshak; or Portuguese Hymn.

♦¶ N soft, sunny meadows the wand'ring sheep
stray ;
Afar from the Shepherd each goes his own
way.
Though dangers lurk round them, no watch do
they keep —
“ The Good Shepherd giveth His life for the
sheep ! ”

On, on, they still wander, till morn, clear and
bright,
Grows gray with the storm-cloud, swift falls the
black night ;
Fierce rains beat in fury, the sharp lightnings
leap —
“ The Good Shepherd giveth His life for the
sheep ! ”

Out, over the mountains, at midnight, alone,
The Good Shepherd goeth to gather His own.

The Sheep

He seeks and He finds them on crags wild and steep—

“The Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep !”

Deep down in dark pitfalls, sore wounded by sin,
He sees where they suffer and die in their pain.
He seeks and He saves them where death-shadows creep—

“The Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep !”

Unto death He will follow each child of His love,
Triumphant will bear him to safety above.

No waters can quench it—His love strong and deep—

“The Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep !”

THE SHEEP

THE sheep are everywhere ! Where'er I go
I see them feeding in the meadows low ;
And lambs by mothers' side are safe and warm,

Or they are borne by the kind Shepherd's arm.

But other sheep I see on parching ground,
Where greenest grasses sweet are never found ;
Where flows no rivulet under shady trees,
Nor Shepherd's care to their safe folding sees.

Feed My Sheep

Lord, what of these? May we not think that
Thou
Dost shepherd these whom no man cares for
now?
Yet sounds a thrilling word, my soul, to thee —
“Whate’er thou doest to these, thou doest to Me.”

FEED MY SHEEP

THAT was a narrow street,
Where trod Thy blessed feet;
And that a noisy throng
That followed Thee along,
And many a one was such
We scarce would deign to touch —
But Thou wast pressed upon by the unfolded
sheep,
And very close to them Thy place didst keep.
And is it thus
Thou sayest to us,
“Oh, if ye love Me, feed My sheep!”

That was a toilsome way,
And that a sultry day,
When Thou didst, by the well,
Of living water tell,
And kindly speak to one
As if that one alone,

Feed My Sheep

The straying one, of all the world had need
most deep,

And Thou no thought but to reclaim Thy sheep.

And is it thus

Thou sayest to us,

“Oh, if ye love Me, feed My sheep !”

That was a loveless word

Which, by strange spirit stirred,

Forbade the children grace

To see Thy shining face —

But Thou didst call them near,

And smile away their fear ;

And one such little one the symbol seemed to
Thee,

Of Thy great heavenly kingdom yet to be !

And is it thus

Thou sayest to us,

“Oh, feed My lambs, if ye love Me !”

That was a green hillside,

By Galilee's soft tide ;

And sweet the garden's shade

By ancient olives made.

We often follow there

Thy words of life to share.

But oh, the multitude of Thine untended sheep !

Speaks there a voice within our spirit's deep,

Thy voice to us,

And speaks it thus,

“Oh, if ye love Me, feed My sheep !”

To the Fold, at Evening Time

TO THE FOLD, AT EVENING TIME

THY Father-Love is over all,
From dewy dawn to evening's fall ;
And when the twilight dusk is come
Thy shepherd-hand guides safely home.
Then with each care soothed into rest
We slumber on Thy gentle breast.

BY THE SEA

ESABBATH by the sea,
In far-off Galilee ;
In the old days, upon its shining
beach,
Such waters blue were there,
Such crystal, sparkling air,
And there I might have heard the Master teach.

How sweet His words would fall,
Here by this old sea-wall,
'Mid ancient rocks and firs and spruces hoar,
Sea-grass and mosses green !
As then, calm and serene,
His voice would sound on this far Northern
shore.

The Walk to Emmaus

Surely the Christ is here,
Speaking in accents clear !
His flowing robe, His sandalled feet are yet,
As once by Galilee,
By this lone voiceful sea,
Here teacheth He, as by Gennesareth.

Surely I saw Him pass
Across the bending grass !
His blessing, like the sea-air, breathes around.
His is this tide of light,
This crystal ether bright,
His voice still speaks as flowing waters sound.

And what if by the sea
The Kingdom's mystery
As in those far-off days should be made plain !
What joy if here the Lord
Should speak the living Word,
And break the living bread to men again !
Mt. Desert, Maine.

THE WALK TO EMMAUS

A PAINTING IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

EFTER Thy rising on that Golden Day,
Still dost Thou condescend
To fare as Friend with friend,
And walk with men along their evening way

No Cloud

They see Thy staff, Thy sandalled feet again,
That pilgrim garb of Thine ;
And from Thy face divine
Again shines Love unspeakable on men.

Clothed as of old in Thy familiar guise,
Still Thou dost travel on,
Though glory is withdrawn,
Thy risen splendour dimmed, to their poor eyes.

How eagerly they talk with Thee, their Friend !
Their hearts within them burn ;
Yet they are sad and mourn ;
They know Thee not, nor do they comprehend.

Lord, when Thou drawest near, (O blessed lot !)
To us, on Life's highway,—
Let not, O Lord, we pray,
Our eyes be holden, that we see Thee not !

NO CLOUD

NO cloud between us, Lord !
Clear breaks the dewy morn !
Blue, blue the sky, and fair ;
And glory everywhere !
Upward the sun is borne
Thrilling the lucid air.
No cloud between us, Lord !

No cloud between us, Lord !
So crystal-pure, above,
Thy breath has swept the mist
Far o'er the mountain's crest ;
And all the air holds love
In palpitating rest.

No cloud between us, Lord !

No cloud between us, Lord !
My sky is spirit-clear.
Splendour and peace and light,
Serenest rapture bright,
Drives far away all fear.
The Risen One is here !
No cloud between us, Lord !

THOUGHTS OF JESUS

"When I awake I am still with Thee.

SWEET as the wafture, exquisite, auroral,
Breathing from Alpine valleys dewy
deep,
Blowing from meadows far-away and floral,
Come thoughts of Jesus as I wake from sleep.

Radiant as light on glistening snow-peaks lying,
Filling ravines where age-old glaciers creep ;
Pure as the pinions of bright seraphs flying,
Come thoughts of Jesus as I wake from sleep.

The Procession of the Captive Thoughts

Living, as streams that down great mountains
flowing

Ring out with joy as o'er the rocks they leap ;
Swift as their motion towards the ocean going,
Come thoughts of Jesus as I wake from sleep.

Tender as clouds that streak the holy dawning
When rosy mists enwreath the summits steep
Dreaming on high and ushering in the morning,
Come thoughts of Jesus as I wake from sleep.

THE PROCESSION OF THE CAPTIVE THOUGHTS

"Bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ."

Fall our thoughts, in silken chains
Walked after Christ the Lord,
With even pace clothed on with grace,
In meek, obedient trains ;

Then as the Lord went up His way
White-robed with eyes of flame,
A holy throng would press along
To swell this glad array.

Brightest of all processions these,
They wend unseen on earth !
But angel eyes from Paradise
Note their white track of peace.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST

“The breadth, the length and the depth and the height
. . . of the love of Christ.”—*Eph. 3 : 19.*

• **T**HS breadth is boundless as the scope
 Of the wild heart of man.
 Wide as the vast, immortal hope
 Its universal span.

Its length is ageless, as the years
 That measure beyond time.
Before the birth of stars and spheres,
 Began its course sublime.

Its depth abysmal is—as deep
 As sin, and grief and shame;
Below the death-gulf, rolls the sweep
 Of one life-giving Name.

Its height is wondrous ! Far above
 It looms, beyond our sight,
Up to the very throne of Love —
 Merged in the Godhead’s light.

JESUS’ THOUGHTS

• **T**HINK thy Saviour’s thoughts again !
 Thoughts of love to God and men.
 Breathe their air serene and free
 Vital with God’s love to thee !

Have Faith in God

Wondrous thoughts of wondrous love
Such as rules in realms above,
Fill the heart of him who lives
In the thoughts that Jesus gives.

HAVE FAITH IN GOD

HAVE faith in God ! Thy joy shall rise
Beyond the height of bluest skies.
Have faith in God ! Thy peace shall flow
A brimming river, deep and slow.

Have faith in God ! Thy cheer shall raise
In many a heart a hymn of praise.
Have faith in God ! Then filled with power
Thou'l work for God from hour to hour.

Have faith in God ! Thy prayers for men
Shall showers of blessing bring again.
Have faith in God ! Then Love Divine,
God's gracious Love, shall through thee shine !

THE UNCREATED LIGHT

JESUS, Thou radiant King of Kings,
I may not see Thy unveiled Face,
But through all films of earthly things
I feel the ardours of Thy grace.

A Sabbath Prayer

Rays of Thy glory sometimes rise
Upon my pathway like the sun ;
Then all my way transfigured lies
By sudden splendours from Thy throne.

And not alone my outward way
Is glorified by light from Thee ;
Thy Spirit with its unseen ray
Fills all my soul with ecstasy.

Through the dark shades of circumstance
My life-path lies, a track most bright ;
Life is a straight and shining glance
Sent down to me from Thy pure Light.

A SABBATH PRAYER



GOD, Thou hast a wondrous way
Into each heart and mind !
To every human soul, to-day,
Thy hidden inlet find !

Thine, Spirit, is the task divine
To send a saving light
Into dark hearts, and make them shine,
And give them inward sight.

Let Thy mysterious, inward plea
Smite on men's hearts like fire.
Trophies to-day we claim from Thee —
The souls of men, for hire.

Christ in Us

In little children's innocence
Find for Thyself a place.
There beam with gentlest radiance,—
Childlike, immortal grace.

The blind, the broken-hearted call,
The weak, the helpless slave ;
With voice resistless speak to all,
Thou Who art strong to save !

CHRIST IN US

“CHRIST in us” our only goodness,
“Christ in us” our only plea !
He, our hope, is all our glory,
Saving One, who died for me !

Pure, free Gift of God to Sinners,
Trust I now myself to Thee ;
This my righteousness before Thee :—
Thou dost work my works in me.

I have nothing ;—Thou must give me
All my deepest want can plead.
From Thy hidden heaven within me
O fulfill my inmost need.

Behold, Thy King Cometh

BEHOLD, THY KING COMETH

HEAR ye the footfall of the King,
Ye who have listened long?
Comes He at last, and will He bring
The end of wrong?

They muster—all His hosts of light,
Beyond the farthest star!
With Him they come to scatter night
By holy war.

Though few and far and faint the signs,
Dawn-tints are in the sky!
And many a waiting heart divines
Our King draws nigh!

For oft strange glory gleams and glows
And gilds each earthly thing!
His onward footfall splendour throws
Before the King!

THE CHRISTIAN'S SONG

HWOULD ask that angels high
Utter for me praise to God!
Pure their hallelujah-cry—
Honour, glory, blessing, laud!

The Christian's Song

I can sound aloud no lay,
For my mortal strength is small ;
I, so feeble, faint, to-day
Scarce can name the All-in-All.

But the seraphs, ever strong,
Night and day untiring sweep
All the chords of that great song,
High as heaven, deep as the Deep !

So for me the angel choir
Worships God upon the throne ;
Cherubs with their hearts of fire,
Praise the Father, Spirit, Son !

Yet *one* note, no angel chants !
Sing I this, though last it be,
And while mortal weakness faints :
“ Jesus, Jesus died for me ! ”

The Lord's Day
The Christian Year
Childhood and Children
Angels

“ THEREFORE WITH ANGELS AND
ARCHANGELS AND WITH ALL
THE COMPANY OF HEAVEN ”

ENGELS who have never sinned
View my Risen Saviour’s face,
Searching the unsearchable !
In His lineaments they trace
One like to the Son of Man
Shining in the Godhead’s grace.

Seraph brows are brightly bent
To adore this mystery,
And their sinless spirits blanch
As they think upon the tree
Where the holy Son of God
Once bore man’s infirmity.

But the white-robed standing there,
Where the cherub-carols ring,—
They who bear the harp and palm
And the new song sweetly sing,—
They in part can understand
The great mystery of the King !

Our Lord's Days

At the cross it smote them first,—
That large love-light in His eyes.
There they saw His visage marred
In their human nature's guise ;
There they saw His life of love
Given for them in sacrifice.

In the hand-clasp on the cross
They His deity have known.
Him who washed them in His blood,
Now with many a crown they crown !
One with Him as Son of Man,
One with Him upon the throne !

Saints who read the Saviour's heart,
Seraphs with the deep-wrought gaze,
Even now Christ's glory bursts
Over all our earth-born ways !
Soon with you, where Jesus reigns,
Alleluias we shall raise !

OUR LORD'S DAYS

"And in the garden a new sepulchre."—*John 19:41.*

HOW can we ever mar
With earthly fret and jar
Our Sabbath days, when we re-
member what they are ?
God's days in mercy given,
A foretaste pure of heaven,
Of all the busy seven the crown and morning star.

Let us forever cease
To spoil their heavenly peace.
Let resurrection light through all their hours
increase.
Let light from Jesus' tomb
Our holy day illume.
Rise we with Him from gloom, and find a sweet
release.

Death could not hold Him prone.
From His cold couch of stone
The Victor rose, whose might life, death and hell
should own.
There in a garden bright
He stood, the world's true light.
Earth rolled from deepest night, and with new
glory shone.

Sweet with all scents of balm,
Shaded with trees of palm,
The dewy garden lay in holy hush and calm.
Far streamed the golden ray,
Clear dawned the first Lord's day;
Owning her Master's sway, earth lifts a choral
psalm.

For us each Lord's day fair
May rise with dawn as rare,
And find us in a garden sweet with early prayer.

Sabbath Surprises

The risen One is near,
Faith's loving eyes will clear.
“ Mary ! ” “ My Master ! ” Hear ! Peace fills the
Sabbath air.

SABBATH SURPRISES

SOMETIMES the holy dawn is dim,
The week-day mists still gather close ;
There is no voice or heavenly hymn,
No vision,—only deep repose.
Till, swift, while all about is haze,—
The silence of a soul withdrawn,—
From the dull cloud-sphere, words of praise
Issue like songs of birds at dawn.

Then strangely bright, serenely clear,
Without a warning, breaks full day.
How rise the clouds from far and near,
How lift the mists and flee away !
Voices and visions fill the air ;
Voices that speak of life and light,
Visions that show how everywhere
An unseen Kingdom grows in might !

The vision of my Lord I see,
Walking through all this world again.
Again in gracious ministry,
He heals disease and comforts pain.

Sabbath Surprises

Again His loving hands He lays
On little ones through all the earth.
How sweet their high outburst of praise,
Glad praise for Jesus' blessed birth !

Sometimes the verses of the Book
Seem written on the sky's deep blue.
Whether I listen or I look,
The world-old things have been made new !
Or glows the heavenly City bright,
Built on its firm foundation strong ;
And from the seraphs winged with light
Triumphant breaks the eternal song !

Then grander visions fill my soul,
Sublimest pledges of the Word,
When not a part, but when the whole
Shall bow to Christ as sovereign Lord !
The kingdoms of this world become
The Kingdoms of the Holy One ;
A homeless world at last brought home
To share His Heaven with Christ the Son.

THE LORD'S DAY

REST, worship, service ! Rest divine
O'erflows and floods this day of Thine.
I trust Thy finished work alone,
And rest in what my Lord has done.

Worship, rest, service ! Worship high
Is Thine, to Whom the angels cry.
With burning seraphs I will sing
Thy glory only, God, my King.

Service, rest, worship ! Service sweet
I would lay, Master, at Thy feet ;
In lowly ministry to men
Would tread Thy holy steps again.

Rest, worship, service ! Saints in light,
Rest, worship, serve with ardour bright.
Our holy day, our Lord's Day blest,
Be bright with worship, service, rest !

First-Day on the Mountains

FIRST-DAY ON THE MOUNTAINS

TO-DAY, upon the calm that all these mountains fills,
Descends a deeper calm from the Eternal Hills.

To-day, beside the peace abiding in the vales,
Floats down a purer peace on heavenly, soft-winged gales.

This First-day light, distilled from finest ray,
Breaks through, a sevenfold light, a glimpse of upper day.

To-day, with harmonies from wind-swept trees that rise,
Blend holy, three times holy songs from Paradise.

The deep repose of love dwells ever on the height;
A rarer rest of love dawns with this First-day light.

This fair First-day falls earthward purely from above,
Thence is its calm, its peace; its light, its song, its love.

At Lake Mohonk, N. Y.

THE CHRIST-CHILD'S COMING

WHAT dost Thou here, sweet, wondering stranger,
Far strayed from Heaven's white purity and joy ?

Dark is the world, and full for Thee of danger ;
How camest Thou here, O human-heavenly boy ?

Thou Who wast wont to look on seraph faces,
And music of ethereal lyres to hear,
How couldst Thou leave Thy happy, holy places
To live with men of sorrow, sin and fear ?

O little child, undreaming of Thy danger,
I do mistrust that they will kill Thee soon !
The sword of Herod flashes o'er the manger
Where lies the sure successor to his crown.

Yet sleep on now, Blest Babe, unharmed ;
Let angel songs soft cadenced through the night
Drift through Thy dream-world, pure and un-alarmed,—
Thy coming folds all hearts in love and light !

For all of Heaven, its glory shining tender,
Thou hast brought with Thee, Christ-Child, to the earth.

On human spirits falls a godlike splendour,
Th' immortal radiance of Thy mortal birth.

CHRISTMAS HYMN

For the Little Ones.



NCE a star the wise men led
To the Lord of glory ;
Once to shepherds angels sang
Such a sweet, sweet story.

In the dark, still night they came
To the shepherds lowly,
But they brought a splendour bright
From their home most holy.

One fair angel sang alone,
Softly downward flying :
“ Fear not, shepherds, Christ your Lord
Born on earth, is lying

“ In a manger, gently laid,
Ye shall find Him yonder.”
Then a multitude with him
Sang this song of wonder :

“ Glory be to God on high,
Far above in heaven ;
Peace on earth to men of peace
Down below be given ! ”

"O Wondrous Night!"

Then the song drew back to heaven,
And a hush is falling ;
Yet the shepherds through the night
Hear it faintly calling.

We can hear the same sweet song,
Sweetest song and story :
"Christ is born ! Your Lord is come !
Glory, ever glory !"

"O WONDROUS NIGHT!"

 WONDROUS night of light and joy and
singing !

Songs of the angels floating from above,
Far up on high and down below are ringing
Deep peals of joy, and softest chimes of love.

O wondrous night of light and joy and singing !
Light nevermore to darken or decrease,
Light of the world, to men forever bringing
In thy soft wings sweet healing and true peace.

O wondrous night of light and joy and singing !
No joy like thine had ever bloomed on earth.
Joy most like that in happy hearts upspringing,
When Christ the Lord within the soul has birth.

O wondrous night of light and joy and singing !
 Blest night, swift brightening to an endless
 morn,
 Heaven's dawn on earth ! O join the angelic
 hymning,—
 Glad praise that “ unto us a Child is born.”

CHRISTMAS

ENGELS of light and seraphim of splendour,
 Flaming with love, adore God's holy
 name.
 They, they alone are pure enough to render
 Praise unto Him and jubilant acclaim.

Yet, hark ! amid cherubic adoration,
 Songs of the countless ones arrayed in white !
 Lo, these have come from earthly tribulation ;
 Praising the Lamb, they rest not day or night.

See, ranging 'mid the bands of burning spirits
 Myriads of children of our lowly race,
 Bearing a likeness fair which each inherits
 From Him who brought them to this holy place.

Down through bright angel ranks this Christmas
 morning,
 God's smile is shining on each child of earth ;
 With heavenly grace each human babe adorning,
 For on this morn His Son—a babe—had birth.

Francia's Picture of Madonna and Child

FRANCIA'S PICTURE OF MADONNA AND CHILD

HOW kindly, Thou, dear lovely Jesus-Child,
While by Thy Mother's arms Thou art
caressed,

Dost soothe, in gentle hands, the beatings wild
Of one faint bird, up-gathered to Thy breast !

Divine and human love Thy face reveals —

A power to succour, not the growth of years, —
A sympathy which earthly suffering heals
As by a thrill from higher, heavenly spheres !

Perhaps the heart-beats of the quivering bird
Touched Thee as when a frightened child low
calls ;
And e'en Thy baby lips formed the sweet word,
“Without My Father, not a sparrow falls !”

MADONNA AND CHILD WITH JOHN THE BAPTIST

EGAIN Thou sittest on Thy Mother's knee
While the deep heart of infancy serene
Shines outward in sweet childish gaiety,
And fills with heavenly light the earthly
scene.

Lullaby

The baby-herald of Thy coming grace
Upholds the Cross, the symbol of Thy doom,
Yet unsearched awe and worship in his face
Foretell Thy triumph o'er the conquered
tomb.

To him, a flower Thy artless fingers reach,
(Thyself a dewy blossom, heaven-revealed,)
As though Thy flower-like lips sweet trust would
teach,
“Considering, so, the lilies of the field.”

Münich Gallery, October, 1898.

ULLABY

¶ N thy cradle-boat so gently,
Gently rock, in mother's arms.
Sleep, my baby, rest securely,
Here where nothing ever harms.
Dewy sleep press down thine eyelids !
Guardian angels near thee stand !
While their sweet songs lull thee, drifting
Far away to slumber-land.

In that lovely land of flowers
Birds are singing all the day,
And the lambs in grassy meadows
Frolic in their pretty play.

"Where's Mother?"

Rippling streams and murmuring fountains,
Butterflies, a shining band,
Bee and blossom, dew and sunshine
Greet thee in sweet slumber-land.

Maybe there thou'l meet the Christ-Child,
Like a gentle shepherd boy,
Calling to His lambs to follow
Freshest pastures to enjoy.
Thou shalt know Him by the love-light
In His eyes, when by the hand,
He shall bring thee back to mother,
All the way from slumber-land.

"WHERE'S MOTHER?"

WHERE'S mother?" This is the
ringing call,
When boyish sports for the day
are done.

"Where's mother?" shout my merry men all,
As they troop through the door at set of sun.

They have hardly thought of mother all day
In the glorious games with the "other boys."
But "Mother, where's mother?" 'tis all they say
As they fill the house with their cheerful noise.

Palm Sunday

"Where's mother?" "She's here! Hurrah, 'tis all right!"—

Her presence is love, protection and rest.
The sweet home-sense gathers round as the light
Fades over the valley and out of the west.

Mother, your boys will not always be boys;
But they'll always look for your loving smile.
They'll come back and listen for mother's voice,
Though the world may claim them a weary while.

If you have shown what a mother can be,
If your love symbols things loving and true,
Your boys will come back to the old roof-tree,—
The old love will hold them! They'll come back to you!

PALM SUNDAY

PALMS are for peace and praise!
For holy, festal days,
For triumphs high!
To-day, we hail our King,
For Him fair palms we bring,
To Him hosannas sing,
And glory cry!

Good Friday

Palms are for ransomed souls,
Round whom the radiance rolls,
 And endless calm !
To-day,—with saints in light,
Clad in pure linen white,
Above in ether bright,—
 We wave the palm.

Palms are for us of earth,
Who own a heavenly birth
 And sin's true balm.
To-day, forgetting wrong,
In alleluia-song,
We join th' adoring throng
 That bear the palm !

GOOD FRIDAY

HE looked on men in their unpitied pain ;
Beside the way, He marked the fainting
fall ;
And sin on many a face was written plain ;
 And Death his dusky wing waved over all.

He saw there was no helper, and He sought
Some intercessor, but beheld none nigh ;
Then His own arm His great salvation brought !
 He felt men's agony, He heard their cry !

Ascension Day

Their sicknesses upon Himself He took ;
Their ceaseless tears His own hand wiped
away ;
He blessed the little children with His look ;
And Death himself He had the power to slay.

Below our sickness, tears and death, He knew
Man's dread estrangement from His Father,
God,
Sin's deadly chasm, deep beyond our view,
He bridged, and made Himself to God our
road.

His great heart burst ! Such pity and such love
His mortal form no longer could contain !
His life He gave upon the cross, to prove
How God's love woos us to His arms again !

ASCENSION DAY

THY sufferings ended, Risen Lord,
Ascend Thy Father's throne ;
Assume, O Man of Nazareth,
Thy royal robe and crown !

Thy face once marred, now like the sun
Glows with the Godhead's might ;
The seamless robe of Deity
Wraps Thee in dazzling light.

The Resurrection Message

The winepress trodden, enter Thou
Through heaven's eternal arch ;
Earth's ransomed millions follow Thee
In Thy triumphal march.

In lines of light the endless train
Fill heaven, and chant and sing :
O Man of Sorrows, it is Thou
Who now art glory's King !

THE RESURRECTION MESSAGE

JOHN 21

(TUNE—Diademata, by G. I. Elvey; or any short metre tune.)

T is the risen Lord !
He stands beside the sea,
Where low the rippling waves are heard,
By dawn-lit Galilee.
His brow is like a star ;
In majesty more bright
Than morning's glory, flashing far,
His is the Godhead's light !

Jesus ! It is the Lord !

His voice floats o'er the tide.

“ Cast ye the net ”—it is His word —

“ Upon the hither side ! ”

Since He commands, His power

Will fill the nets we draw.

His resurrection-word, this hour,

In heaven and earth is law !

Deathless forevermore,
He stands beside life's sea,
And to each one He saith thrice o'er,
“Disciple, lov'st thou Me?
Then feed My lambs most dear,
And feed My sheep,” saith He.
To-day His word of power rings clear
As once on Galilee.

THE RADIANT TEXT

“And Jesus, perceiving the thought of their heart, took a child, and set him by Him, and said unto them, Whosoever shall receive this child in My name receiveth Me; and whosoever shall receive Me, receiveth Him that sent Me: for he that is least among you all, the same shall be great.”—*Luke 9: 47-48.*



LITTLE child that Jesus took
And gently set thee by His side,
What was thy name? Sweet was thy look,
Bright as the dawn and dewy-eyed.

Would we could see thee sitting there,
Clear, radiant text—the Teacher's choice.
Our pride and self would disappear,
The while we heard the Master's voice.

“To be the greatest,” should we deem
The noblest aim, the highest lot?
How all unworthy it would seem,
Knowing the Lord perceived our thought!

The Child by Jesus' Side

Short is the three-linked chain to God —
One little child—the Christ—then He
Who sent the Christ. O starry road!
Dear child, we in His name, take thee,

And learn “the least the great shall be.”
Thou radiant comment on the Word,
Who would not gladly sit with thee,
O happy child, beside the Lord!

THE CHILD BY JESUS' SIDE

LUKE 9: 47

WErt thou at play, in eager glee
With merry groups in sport and chase,
Or had His eyes serene drawn thee
Apart, to watch the Master's face?

What time He took thee, little lad,
Marking thy artless, trustful gaze,
And by His side set thee, half-glad,
Half-awed by such kind, loving ways.

O, little child, the Syrian skies
Were filled with light, and deep their blue
That day, when men in mute surprise
First heard the heavenly teaching new.

Mother and Child in a Railway Car, Scotland

And light fell on thy simple state,
Thou sweetest text for Jesus' thought !
“ He who is least, shall be the great,”
For in His kingdom, pride is naught.

Dark were thy curls; thy cheeks soft-bloomed
With Orient tints, olive and red;
A dewy infant-glow illumed
Thy innocent and lowly head.

Beside Himself Christ gave thee place,
He loved thy humble, childlike air.
He made thee type of that sweet grace
He would have all His children wear.

MOTHER AND CHILD IN A RAILWAY CAR, SCOTLAND

LARGE, toil-worn, travel-stained, the hand
Laid on the baby's rose-pale cheek;
The mother's hand, wind- and sun-tanned,
What mother-love it seemed to speak !

So soft on flaxen, fine-spun hair
It lay, and curling lashes brown,
On lids, as palest pansies fair,
Or daisies that fresh dew-drops drown.

“Their Angels”

And so such coarse and finer guise
Might prove the two were not akin ;
But exquisite, to angels' eyes,
The mother-heart hid deep within !

The likeness showed between these two !
The mother-spirit, full of grace,
Proved subtle kinship, pure and true,
With the sweet baby's flower-like face.

“THEIR ANGELS”

TN that “Great City” which God's presence
lights,
Amid the shining throngs of spirits blest,
There are three angels, strong and very fair,
Who stand apart, to me, from all the rest.

One of the three is tall, with courage bright,
And one has starry eyes and low voice sweet,
And one bears fragrant flowers and smiles, and
all
Make melody for that high place most meet.

I do not know their names. But, should I pass
Into that wondrous land of light and song,
I know that I should surely find them out,
And quickly should I stand *my* group among.

“Their Angels”

I should not dare on Michael great to look,
That mighty Prince who for God’s people
stands,

Nor on that other, Gabriel, peerless one,
Who bears the holy lilies in his hands.

Nor on the bending ranks of seraphim,
Veiled each in sixfold wings of azure dye
While ceaseless adoration through them breathes,
Should I dare turn my glory-dazzled eye;

Nor on cherubic circles, closest pressed
About the throne, whose hearts and wings of fire
Throb ceaselessly with love unquenchable,
With burning purity and deep desire.

But these, my little children’s angels are ;
I should not fear their half-familiar grace.
These angels three—their angels—evermore
Behold the vision of our Father’s face.

Enough for us and them ! They downward bend
Towards the dear children in their childish
ways ;
They upward look, and all their being burns
With rapture, as on God they turn their gaze.

On God ! The sweet reflection of His love
Falls from their faces on our earthly home :
Our Saviour’s little ones, and ours, they guard ;
And where God’s angels watch, no harm can
come.

Reflected Light

REFLECTED LIGHT

THEIR angels beholding the Father
Look ever upon His Face.
And so the beautiful children
Are touched with ineffable grace,
For they shine with a glory reflected
From the high and holy place.

As we teach, we may touch the children
With a heavenly beam of light;
If we always behold the Father
And live ever in His sight,
We, too, may reflect His glory
And illumine their faces bright.

TO "A YOUTH CONDUCTED BY THE ANGEL RAPHAEL"

BY PERUGINO—IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

EN angel stands beside thee in the way,
Or walking, times his steps with thine.
Thy hand he gently holds (lest thou
shouldst stray)
With cordial clasp divine.

His large, soft wings seem just about to fold
Around thy youthful form. His eyes
Serene, with downward, holy gaze, behold
Thy face, turned, questioning-wise.

A Wish For a Little Maid

Behind thee lie cool depths of morning sky,
(How soon will burn the torrid noon !)
While, all too eager newer paths to try,
Forward he leads thee on.

So now thy heart may feel sweet peace and rest
Since God's great angel goes with thee ;
He to the end will aid thee in thy quest
And bear thee company.

His heavenly strength to thee he will impart
His aureoled glory falls around
Thee, and thine untried pathway, and thy heart
With his great love is crowned.

A WISH FOR A LITTLE MAID

RINDLY Nature, take this child,
Train her in thy forests wild!
Lead her by thy laughing brooks,
Till their joy laughs in her looks.
Make her lithe in form and mien,
As the white birch, draped in green.

Let her voice as mellow grow,
As the thrush-song's silvery flow,
Filling all this leafy wood
With sweet prophecies of good.
Let each breeze a message bear,
Of an unseen love and care.

My Girl

Bring her from thy fountains bright,
Draughts of crystal, living light.
Feed her, lowly tho' her guise,
With thy strength to make her wise.
Let her sacred maidenhood
Grow in sweetest solitude.

Let the fragrance of all flowers
And the hush of twilight hours,
Let the glowing sky's deep blue
And the rainbow's varied hue
Fill her soul with loveliest grace
And shine outward in her face.

Tenderly to her impart,
O great Nature, all thy heart!
Teach her much of Love, so she
Thine interpreter may be,
A reflection, clear and fine,
Of thy loveliness divine!

New Brunswick, N. J., 1889.

MY GIRL

SOMETIMES I call her my golden girl,
Though her hair is far from a tangled
maze
Of drifted sunshine on every curl,—
Not her golden hair, but her golden ways
And her heart of gold make her dear to me.
My girl, as good as gold is she!

The Champion-Angel

Sometimes I call her my lily-maid ;
Though her dark-glowing, nut-brown cheeks
no art
Could pale to the lily's ivory shade.
Not lily-pale cheeks, but a lily's heart
Makes my darling girl what she is to me.
My maid, a lily pure is she !

THE CHAMPION-ANGEL

ANVEILED, in common air, I sometimes
see
The champion-angel, holy, glad, and
strong,
Who at thy right hand ever walks along,
Unseen of men, and undiscerned by thee.
His height is glorious, but he bends to know
What trouble there may be in thy dark eyes ;
And while he looks, sweet thoughts of peace
arise,
And swift thy heart's wild beatings tranquil grow.
Benign, intense, and ceaseless is his care.
His mighty mantle wraps thee every hour
From sun and storm and all the nameless wear
Of life. He clasps thy hand—thou know'st not
why—
But with the grasp is given a strange new
power,
And thou art strong to do, to bear, to die.

The Two Angels

THE TWO ANGELS

TWO princely angels clad in white and gold,
Who, strong and beautiful before God's
throne,

Reflecting His great glory, long had shone,
Once left seraphic hierarchies old,
To serve poor man, and tryst with him to hold.

Through lucent airs they gladly floated down,
Surcharged with joy that they could make God
known,

And pledges sure of His dear love unfold.

Soft as the brooding of a seraph's wing,
And fresh as breezes blown from climes unseen,
So sweet and strong their gracious ministering !

Mild tender Mercy one, of blessed mien,
And Loving-Kindness, with deep eyes serene
And great good-will, benignant like a king.

THREE ANGELS

Raphael, "The Healing of God"; Gabriel, "The Strength of God"; Michael, "Who is as God."

COME, go, on errands all divine, ye three
Commissioned ones, great ministers, that do
His pleasure, hearkening to His voice, ye
who

Fulfill His word, in strength excelling; ye
Whose names recorded in our human tongue

Ministering Angels

Repeat the unknown accent of the word
They speak in heaven, when your names are
heard,
Between the notes of mighty anthems sung !
Bearers of benison to men, ye come and go !
Thou, Raphael, Healing of our God ; and thou,
The strength of God, blest Gabriel, chosen so
To bear from God to men access of might ;
And Michael, thou who art as God, whose brow
Shines peerless, like a flaming fire of light !

MINISTERING ANGELS

ANGELS, God's elect creation,
Flames of fire, yet well content
To the heirs of His salvation
In swift service to be sent,
Singly come ye, or in legions,
Earthward at our God's behest
To these sin-dark, homesick regions,
Bringing light and hope and rest !

Radiant forms of lustrous whiteness !
Yet the sevenfold rainbow tinge
Blends your wings' bewildering brightness
With soft colour's drifting fringe.
All our outward way protecting,
Your attendant radiant bands
Guide us—all our path selecting,
Hold us up with loving hands.

The Angel of Victory

Low ye bow before the Eternal.
In His uncreated light
E'en your purity supernal
Casts a shadow faintly bright.
How serene your God-lit faces !
How ethereal your song !
All heaven's high-arched, sounding spaces
Your full glorias prolong.

We are sorrowing, sinful, lowly,
Children of a faithless race.
Ye are strong, obedient, holy,
And ye look upon God's face.
Him ye worship, Him adore ye,
With His Son once crucified.
Angels, think, in upper glory,—
We are those for whom He died !

THE ANGEL OF VICTORY

"And the seventh angel sounded; and there were great voices in heaven, saying, The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ; and He shall reign forever and ever."—*Rev. xi : 15.*



GREAT Seventh Angel, whose shall be
the last
Imperial age-voice, when long time is
done—

When wilt thou sound, in sudden, pealing tone,
Thy deep, majestic, golden trumpet blast ?

Together, With the Lord

When shall be heard in heaven, great voices plain
Which say, "The kingdoms of this world are
now

Become the kingdoms of our Lord, and Thou,
His Christ, forever and forever reign!"

When shall the mystery finish, and the hour
Be come, when all shall serve the King of Love?
When living tides of splendour, and of power
Shall thrill the earth, as now they roll thro'
heaven?

Sound victory's blast, sound triumph from above,
O great, last Angel of the mighty Seven!

TOGETHER, WITH THE LORD

 OT at the table here below
But at the board above
Our loved one joins us at the feast
Of Jesus' dying love.

Clothed on with immortality,
His brow lit like a star,
Close by the Master is his place,
There where the happy are.

The heavenly Shepherd called His own.
His voice we did not hear;
But our beloved cannot stay
When Jesus calls them near.

A Home For the Master

Our love still follows, and our faith
Shares the enraptured sight.
He is not dead, but lives and loves
In Jesus' risen light !

We, at the table here, and they
Rest in the Lord alone.
One is the Master of the feast,
The unbroken circle, one !

A HOME FOR THE MASTER

For the dedication of a church.

BENEATH the dazzling Syrian sky
No dwelling-place was His
Who left His radiant home on high
To bring us to His bliss.

Now far above the brightest sun,
In glory that excels,
His finished work forever done,
The risen Master dwells.

Yet still He asks a home and place
Among the homes of men,
Where He may speak His words of grace
And tell His love again.

Where He shall sweetly call and fold
His flock, and give them rest ;
And gather, as in days of old,
The children to His breast.

Let the high presence of our God
Make earthly things divine ;
And wondrously in this abode
Let grace and glory shine.

CHRIST'S LABOURERS

PE faithful ones ! O not alone
Ye toil in far, unfriendly lands,
But 'companied by valiant bands
Of shining spirits from God's throne.

A great, a glorious company,
Hosts of the Spirit-led on earth,
Heirs of the new immortal birth,
Are fellow-workers where ye be !

All praying souls, whose ardent view
Sees Christ's fair fabric rise secure
'Mid fierce time-tumults, heavenly pure,
Upbuild those wondrous walls with you.

Angels, who downward bending hear
The sin-bruised soul's repentant voice,
And in the blessed sound rejoice,
How closely do they gather near !

Truth in Flower

And Christ the Lord, the Crucified,
For Whose dear sake alone ye go,
Who loves us as we cannot know,
How is He at your very side !

God, saints and angels ! Surely ye,
Since all to God ye freely give,
Befriended are as none that live,
And heartened by high ministry !

TRUTH IN FLOWER

SOW broadly thy handful of golden grain,
Fling it afar over hillside and plain !

“ That body that shall be,” thou sowest not,
Nor couldst thou forecast it by deepest thought.

Thou sowest “ bare grain,” cold, shining and
white,
And it falls into earth, to darkness and night.

But God, as it please Him, rare form shall give
To each smallest grain, when He bids it live.

Scatter God’s truth, while the day is thine ;
Each truth holds the wonder of life divine.

“ That body that shall be,” thou sowest not,
Its beauty and splendour surpass all thought.

For in human hearts, the truth sown wide,
Shall blossom in life-forms, all glorified.

Faith sees in a seed a strange, beautiful flower ;
Faith knows that God's truth will bloom by His
power.

SERVICE

WHERE the saints are gathering, there
 my soul would be,
With the flashing armies of the
 crystal sea ;

Where the cherub legions bow before the throne,
Where the burning seraphs praise the Holy One.

“ Where the living river rolls its waves of light ;
Where His servants serve Him, where there is no
 night :

I would join the victors, where the strife is o'er,
God's great City enter, and go out no more.”

Such my aspiration, such my longing prayer,
And, in vision, seemed I to be almost there ;
When a voice familiar said quite low to me :
“ Other work and service have I first for thee.

“ Not yet with the victors shalt thou enter in ;
Go, and help the sinful in their strife with sin.
Not yet with the white-robed, singing praises high,
But amid the sin-soiled shall thy service lie.

The Crown Starry or Starless

“ Not with cherub legions, not with seraph train ;
But where little children in this dark earth’s pain,
Call for love and comfort—thou shalt please Me
best,

If thou lead such children to their Saviour’s breast.

“ I have saints not gathered ; saints that are to be,
Now among the fallen. Gather these to Me.
Tell them, though their garments dusty are and dim,
My white, seamless vesture waiteth now for them.

“ I have need of many in My world of light ;
Of My priceless jewels some are hid in night.
Search for them, and find them ; win My own
for Me.

They must gather with thee at the crystal sea.

“ In each man behold thou him for whom I died.
Tell all men I love them. Tell them far and wide.
Oh, bring many with thee where thou long’st to
go :

Stars to shine forever on thy Saviour’s brow ! ”

THE CROWN STARRY OR STARLESS

LOVING charge by Christ is given,
Souls to bring Him in His heaven ;
Each some brother soul must bring,

When he goes to greet the King.

Those dear ones for whom He died
Must be brought from far and wide.

The Baptism of the Spirit

Oh, let none go up alone
The pure pathway to the throne,
Lest, when crowns the Master giveth,
That be starless he receiveth !

Soul, hast thou a heart of love,
Like thy Master there above ?
Those dear ones for whom He died,
Hast thou brought from every side ?
Soul, hast thou persuaded any
Upward to the mansions many ?
Hast thou drawn them one by one,
That thou go not up alone ?
Does the Master, looking down,
Star on star set in thy crown ?

THE BAPTISM OF THE SPIRIT

(TUNE—Elton.)

HOW white against the Syrian blue
Came down the heavenly Dove,
Descending from above and through
All stellar worlds, in baptism true,
On Thee, Son of God's love !

Jesus, the holy, spirit-filled,
The chosen of God's love,
Be Thine own grace on us distilled,
Our hearts by Thy great mission thrilled !
On us descend the Dove !

Gracious Words

Baptize us with Thy Spirit's might,
His grace of ministry.
Help us to spread through lands of night
His healing warmth, His radiant light,
And lift men up to Thee!

In these last days Thy power we claim
For all earth's peoples broad.
Master, Thy love is still the same,
Still Sovereign is Thy saving name,
Still art Thou Son of God!

GRACIOUS WORDS

WE cannot tell how sweet must be
The heavenly speech they use above;
What cadences, deep as the sea,
What holiest phrase or tone of love.

Yet human speech has many a word
More sweet than angel-lips can sound:
Forgiveness, grace in Christ the Lord,
Mercy, with loving-kindness crowned.

They breathe upon our hearts like songs
That swell around, below, above;
Immortal words on mortal tongues,
The words that tell God's wondrous love.

The Porch of the Maidens

They break upon our utter need,
Like dawn upon dark midnight strife,
For Jesus brought from heaven indeed,
The words that spirit are and life.

We cannot want for words to men,
While still we strike the mercy-chord !
God grant us power to speak again
The words of life in Christ the Lord.

THE PORCH OF THE MAIDENS

THE ERECHTHEUM, ATHENS

 ANY a year and many a day
Have passed o'er a temple ruined and
gray,
Where with broken grandeur, in classic lands,
A beautiful fragment still it stands.
Its portico, rich in Attic grace,
Not columns fluted from cope to base,
But sculptured womanly forms uphold,
And they bear the cornice carven and old

With placid brow and far-gazing eye,
They front the blue of the Southern sky,
Looking away to Minerva bright,
Goddess who glows with wisdom and light.

The Porch of the Maidens

Draped in deep folds are their forms serene,
Sweetly majestic and grave their mien ;
Their lofty pose is unconscious and free ;
They will stand unmoved till eternity.

No storms can wrest them out of their place ;
Summer and winter but mellow their grace ;
Noble and faithful their age-long ward ;
Always the sacred Olive they guard.
Though forever the centuries came and went,
Still strong and lovely, their force unspent,
Adorning, upholding the temple's wall,
They would out-watch Time, till the last stone
fall !

Those steadfast figures of carven stone
Which years and ages have not o'erthrown,
Were they promise and pledge of this latest time,
Presaging womanhood grown sublime ?
A nobler temple, and one more grand,
Humanity rears in this Western land ;
Shall lovely women its walls adorn,
Like the sculptured forms of the porch outworn ?

When our temple is finished through and through,
Shall its pillars be women pure and true,
Built into its everlasting wall,
Upholding the holiest shrine of all,
Poised and untiring, fronting the right,
As the statues fronted Minerva bright ;
With grace to adorn, and strength to uphold
This latest temple, like that of old ?

The Dead Who Die Not

THE DEAD WHO DIE NOT

THE STREET OF COLUMNS, PALMYRA

H, many the wingèd years that have borne
The City of Palms away !
But the "Street of Columns" yet shines
when the morn
Outflashes its level ray,
And it reddens and glows till the marvellous close
Of the dazzling Syrian day.

Though deep is the dust on low-fallen fanes,
By the Djinns of the desert fanned,
Full many a pillar yet upright remains
Disdainful of drifting sand.
While murmurs gray Time in mystical rhyme,
As he waves his obscuring hand.

But whether yet standing, or fallen prone,
Each pillar alike bears trace
Of a bracket once fixed in the fluted stone
Where a patriot-statue had place.
And graven words old these columns still hold
Of each hero's record and race.

And the record shall live of each who has sought,
Wherever his country may be,
To give of his best to men ; who has wrought
For his brothers to make them free !
Enduring as stone, his name shall be known,
Who has given men liberty !

The Lilies

Invisible statues are reared for him,
And for him rise the heart's deep psalms,
And vistas of victory, never to dim,
Lead onward to endless calms.
His fame lives sublime, outlasting all time,
In the fadeless City of Palms !

THE LILIES

FROM darkest mould of sorrow, pain and grief,
Spring lilies white ;
So black the earth, it is beyond belief
That aught so bright
Should pierce its night.

What heavenly mystery is this, that turns
Black clods to flowers ?
Transforming sorrows, loss and pain that burns,—
All griefs of ours,—
By unseen powers !

I marvel, lilies, at your whiteness rare,
Your texture fine.

Ye stand so pure, so joyous, calm and fair,
To sight of mine
Ye seem divine.

Sweet friend, the lilies symbol all your life !
Set in the soil

Of earthly sorrow, pain and stress and strife,
And daily toil,
Naught can despoil.

The Present Time

Your soul's white beauty rising so to God,
 Fragrant and fair;
As gracious lilies springing from the clod
 Rise pure in air,
 And bright blooms bear.

For God, thou hast thy secret heart of gold ;
 For service meet
To men, thy perfumed petals white unrolled ;
 A life complete,
 In beauty sweet.

THE PRESENT TIME

THE Potter's wheel turns fast !
Slowly through ages past
The wheel revolved, and slowly grew all
 shapes ;
Long years could make or mar
 Tall vase or heavy jar
On which the Master left the impress none escapes.

But now the wheel spins round,
It whirls, but not with sound.
Swiftly events are set with finished things !
 The speed accelerates,
 Faster the wheel rotates,
And noiseless to their end the Master all things
brings.

The Wish

In strong, compelling touch,—
The Master uses such,—
Each vessel feels the pressure of His hand !
Its yielding clay assumes
The form His will foredooms.
Nations and men are moulded by His firm com-
mand.

He traces figures fair
On such as bravely bear
His tracing fine; but souls of stubborn clay,
Not plastic to His plan,
Find shorter, swifter span,
For urgently the Potter works while yet 'tis day !

Then facile be our clay,
That He may have His way;
And let Him freely work His sovereign will !
The pattern shall be grand,
Sure modelled by His hand,
And worthy of His plans which the long years
fulfill !

THE WISH

H, that with purged vision, I might see
 In every man the Christ that is,—
Or else the Christ to be !
So dispossessed of scorn,
With love alone
To look into the eyes of every one ;

And name each one a brother,
Since there lies,
The image of my Lord
Deep in his eyes.
Or if I see not in my brother yet
The Christ who died for him and me,
May I find grace to speak the word
That sets his conscience free.
And so my Christ become to him
The living, bright Reality !

COMFORT

SIT with her, Saviour, in the silent room,
And talk with her of resurrection-life.
Thy robes of glory shall light up the gloom,
Thy loving voice speak comfort after strife.

Take Thou her hand and bending o'er her, say,
“ Thy best beloved lives. He cannot die !
His glorious life goes onward day by day ;
With Me he lives, and does My work on high.”

Repeat to her those mighty words of grace,
Those marvellous, majestic words of power,
Which to the home at Bethany brought peace,—
O talk of Life, though this is death's dark
hour.

Trusting

So shall Thy comfort's soft, distilling balm,
 Make her forget the earthly "Dust to dust,"
And turn her anguish to a heavenly psalm,—
 The heart's deep hymn of holy, utter trust.

So shall Thy tender accents, breathing low,
 In the still room, withdrawn from human
 strife,
Unveil the glory which Thy loved ones know
 With Thee, the Resurrection and the Life.

TRUSTING

 H, spread out thy roots by the river,
 The wonderful river of God!
Grow deep by the stream that forever
 Pours life-giving currents abroad.

Clear waters of crystalline splendour,
 That shine in their marvellous flow,
Shall keep thy leaf fadeless and tender,
 Nor withering drought shalt thou know.

Thy trust is the tree, that forever
 Shall yield to thy God blessed fruit.
God's wonderful love is the river,
 That never shall fail at thy root.

COUNTRY PARISHES

MANY shady glens there be
Hidden deep in greenery,
Where the folded flocks are led
And in unmarked pastures fed.

Limpid streams flow softly on,
Where the lambs may drink at noon ;
And above the glades at night
Stars shed down a silver light.

But the Shepherd sees His own
So sequestered and unknown.
Though His pastures spread world-wide
He o'erlooks no lone hillside.

And I think that oftenest, there
Comes the Shepherd, Kingly-fair ;
Calls His own by name, and moves
'Mid the following flocks He loves.

THE DOUBTFUL THINGS WE DO

THE doubtful things are burdens
That clog us in the race.
The weights that hold us backward,
And rob our lives of grace.

The Ship of Faith

Mists on the soul's horizon,
Veils on the highest light,
And clinging shadows, turning
Our noonday into night.

Things not of faith are treason,
Our loyalty they mar.
These border-lands of danger
Keep us from God afar.

Full joy and peace will crown us
When not alone known sin,
But all we feel as doubtful,
Is driven from within.

O children of the sunshine,
Count not the doubtful right!
Clear from your skies the mist-veils,
And live in God's high light!

THE SHIP OF FAITH

"And lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee."
—*Acts 28:24.*

WHO sails with thee, my brother,
Over life's swelling sea?
Who in thy bark is riding,
Who sails, who sails with thee?

Thy dear ones loved and loving
Ride in thy ship of faith;
And these to thee are given,
For so it is He saith.

FIND THEM !

But not alone thy dear ones
Sail with thee o'er the sea ;
Whose life soe'er thou touchest,
He sails, he sails with thee.

Thou hast God's word of promise
Whose is the swelling sea,
That He to thee has given,
All them that sail with thee.

All destinies related
Or bound in aught to thine,
These in thy ship are sailing
Through shadow and thro' shine.

He whom thy strong faith holdeth
Like the staunch ship of the sea,—
The soul whom thou canst lead to Christ,
He sails, he sails with thee !

FIND THEM !

THERE are words for poems, sweeter than
the world has ever heard ;
Find the words, and thou shalt stir men
as they have not yet been stirred.

There are deeds of daring grander than long
Time has ever shown ;
Do the deed, and thou shalt lift men up to
heights before unknown.

Resting in Light

RESTING IN LIGHT

NE day my soul shall be as white
As yonder light-filled cloud;
And as it lieth on the blue,
So shall I rest on God.

THE SHIPS OF GOD

HE ships of God to haven come.
On steady keel they ride the sea.
Whatever storm or calm may be,
Through dark or fair, His craft sail home!

DREAMS AND DEEDS

H, the moment supreme, when the beautiful
dream
Turns into the beautiful deed!
Then great grows the soul! Then it joins the
long roll
Of workers with God, for man's need!

FREE

HINE am I, O my God.
Then serve Thyself with me.
But give Thy Spirit's quickening might
To make that service free.

THE LIFE-PULSE

GENTLE, strong, unceasing
Beats the heart of God for me.
I can hear it, I can feel it,
When I listen silently.

MIDNIGHT SKY

FLYING clouds with stars between,
Like wild eyes of Arabs seen
'Neath the turban's drifted grace,
White-wreathed, round the dusky face.

ROCKS

RODUCT of old primeval fires,
The passion and the flux of cycles long ;
Like yours the struggle of our human sires
To mould the formless, and to forge the strong !

"THAT CANNOT BE UTTERED"

UNSEEN, unfelt, yet known to faith,
Within, thou Spirit of the Lord,
Below our feeling, thought, or breath,
Thy voiceless prayer is heard.

Interjectory Prayer

INTERJECTORY PRAYER

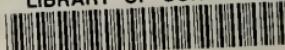
WE must drop the load
To fold the hands in prayer!
When we talk with God,
Leave it with Him there!

"HE SHALL SEND HIS ANGELS"

WHEN comes the time for my long
flight,
My spirit's flight to Thee,
Companioned in the upper light,
I shall not lonesome be.

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